Khrushchev's Blunder at the U.N.

October 13, 1960 25¢

HOW WILL THE NEGROES VOTE?

THE REPORTER

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En Route with Nixon

A faint creaking in the Vice-President's campaign caravan could be detected soon after the first of the "Great Debates" went off the air. Outwardly, the professionals tried to appear serene. No sooner had the program faded from the screen before Leonard Hall and Fred Seaton started dropping cheery bits of analysis among reporters at the studio.

But there was a defensive note about it all, as when Hall pointed out that millions had listened on radio. Presumably he meant the listeners couldn't tell how Nixon had looked.

The fact of the matter was that the Vice-President, though three or four pounds off his weight, looked as healthy as ever. What happened was that he had been generously supplied with pancake make-up, had perspired rather freely, and, while off camera, had wiped his face with his handkerchief, creating the mottled effect around the jowls that many people mistook for illness.

But the perturbance caused among Republicans went deeper than pancake make-up. Their boy, who was supposed to be the champion debater of all time, had met the young challenger, who had managed to come off looking every bit as mature and experienced, and more collected. Kennedy had been the one who stayed on the offensive most of the hour. Nixon had been obliged to agree or to defend.

As the caravan moved along its erratic course—Chicago to Memphis to Charleston, West Virginia, to New York to New England—there was evidence that Nixon was getting a great deal of advice. A senior Republican senator met the plane at one stop with the tragic query "Has anybody told him?" In New Hampshire, the arch-Republican Manchester *Union Leader* greeted Nixon's arrival with a front-page editorial claiming that he had been "clobbered." The advice was conflicting. Some argued that Nixon had failed to maintain the advantage he gained when he negotiated his entente with Rockefeller, giving promise of leading the party to a bold new destiny. But the heavier argument was exactly to the contrary. Nixon, it was claimed, had to take his gloves off and fight the kind of "rocking, socking" campaign that would make Republicans proud.

It was hard to be sure what was happening by the turnout of crowds. They were quite good in Memphis, pathetic in West Memphis, excellent in Charleston, almost nonexistent in Queens, packed and partisan in Suffolk. But reports kept coming in about Kennedy's "Pompeiian" triumph in Ohio and the twenty thousand who waited for him at the Erie airport till midnight. Nixon wasn't drawing anything like this. At the Memphis airport, a secret-service agent accompanying him tried to create the same effect by whispering to local police who were clearing a path, "Let him get crowded. Please, let him get crowded."

The candidate gave few signs of uncertainty. He kept talking about how big the crowd was at his last engagement and showed a police chief's propensity for padding figures. On Long Island, he described the "twenty-five thousand" who waited more than an hour for him on the Memphis riverbank. Actually, half that number had waited half that long.

But Nixon kept doggedly at it, improvising endlessly in the recital of what reporters have labeled "the speech." The variations on the basic theme become painfully familiar to those who stay on board a few days. Over and over there is the story of the little girl in Nebraska who makes a wish for him everytime she goes under a bridge. And there is always the promise that he will let them see Pat. "There, isn't she worth it?" he asks, while Pat smiles and smiles.

The only real difference seems to be the pace with which, depending on the applause, he calls on the experience-tested "grabbers." One of the surest is to lay it on thick about his running mate. ("I can't talk about myself but I can sure say something about a man who has done the best job of dealing with the Communists of anybody I know.") And he can always bring down the roof with that tried and true exhortation of former campaigns—about ending one war, keeping the nation out of other wars, and preserving peace without surrender in the world. In 1956, this accomplishment was usually credited to Eisenhower; now it is "we."

Still the uncertainty persists. Has the Great Debate revolutionized the business of campaigning? Will television, once so kind to Mr. Nixon, now prove his undoing? How much difference can there be between his solo appearances and the duets he must perform with Kennedy?

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Vice-President Nixon on TV's "Great Debate": Without wishing for one moment to question, as a number of very fine Americans have, the sincerity with which Senator Kennedy has presented his side of the case—for I want to make it perfectly clear that I sincerely believe that Senator Kennedy is a very sincere man, no matter what many people say—I think it is important for America and for all of us here to consider the *means* by which he suggests that we should advance toward

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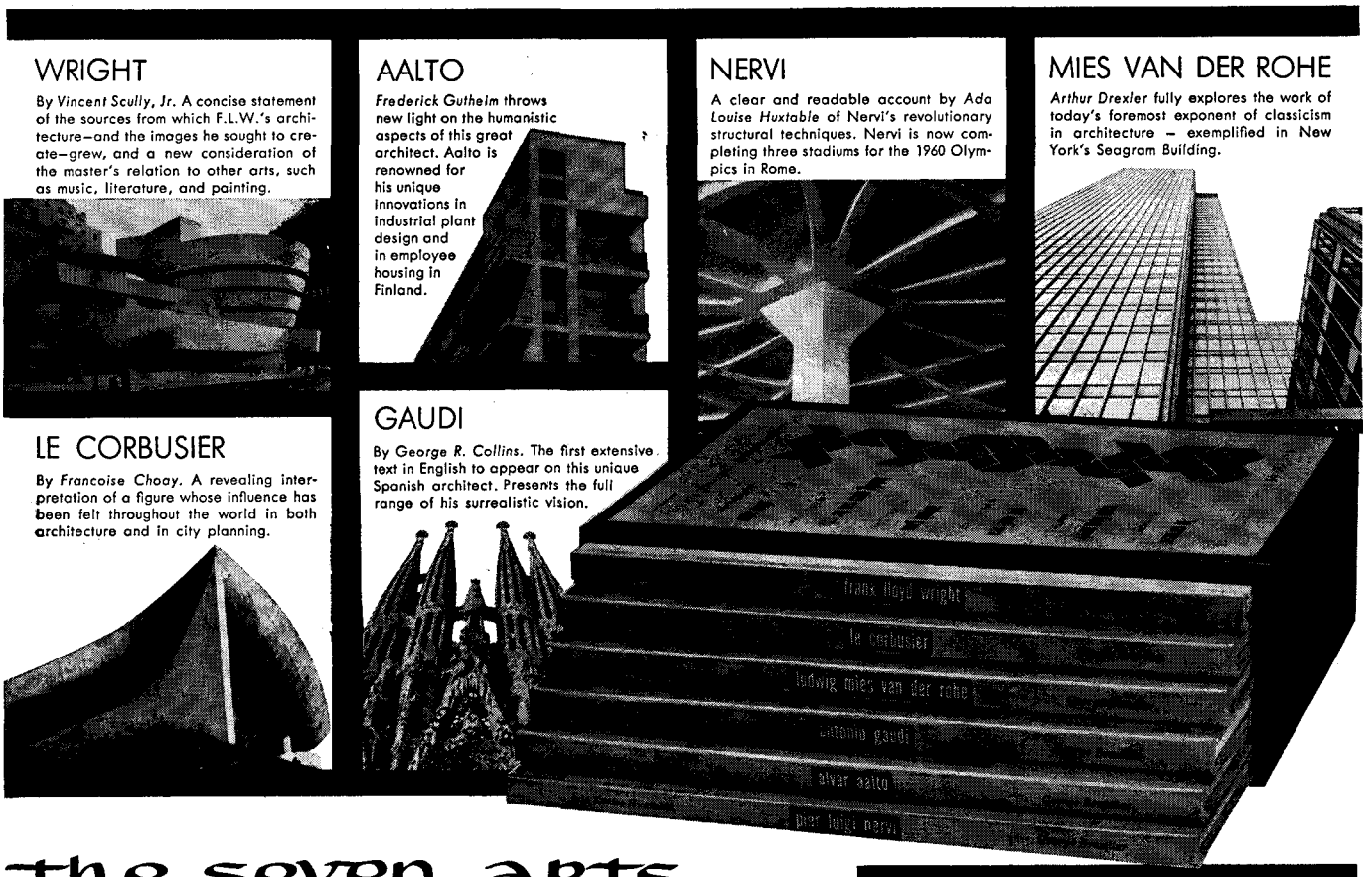
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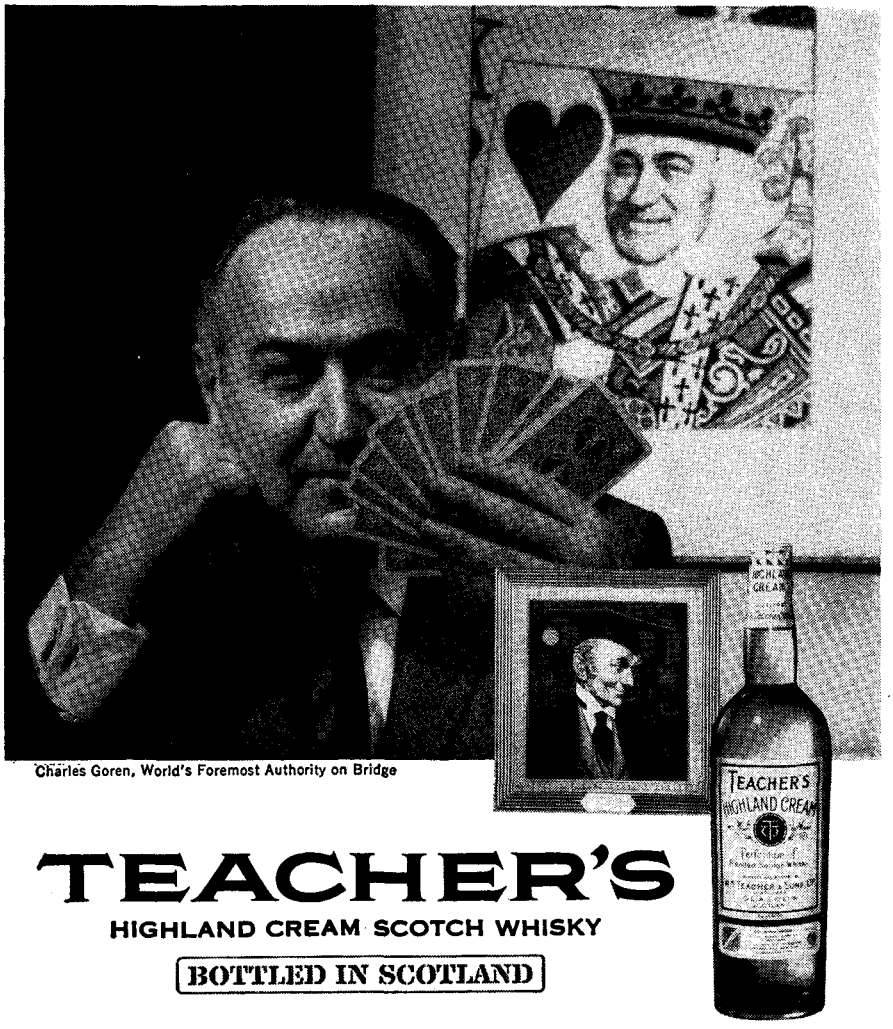

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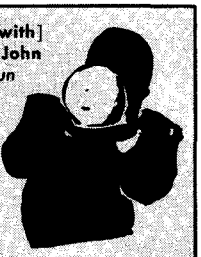

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the *goals* that he sets before us. Now, for example, I must say, although I do not for one moment question the sincerity with which he juggles figures and tries to make it appear that I am not one hundred per cent behind all the goals I'm sure many people agree that we want to reach, I must say that I was rather surprised in his opening statement when I heard him say, and I think I am quoting him correctly, that it is time for America to move ahead. I think it might be interesting if the senator would be willing to tell us whether or not, in making that particular remark, he had been peeking at my notes before we went on the air. Because I don't think anyone could ever have honestly accused me of not wanting very much to move ahead. And furthermore when it comes to *means*, as opposed to *goals*, I think we are all agreed that *I* am the one who is supposed to be the skillful debater, not Senator Kennedy, even if he is sincere, and so naturally I think a good many Americans are going to be a little troubled, a little concerned to find out just what the *means* are by which he has managed to make it appear that he has seized the offensive in this debate and that I am somehow put in the position of being on the defensive.

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Senator Kennedy at a banquet in the Far West: Let's cut the applause and get right into this thing. I said that's *enough!* If you aren't quiet in thirty seconds, I'm going to send a

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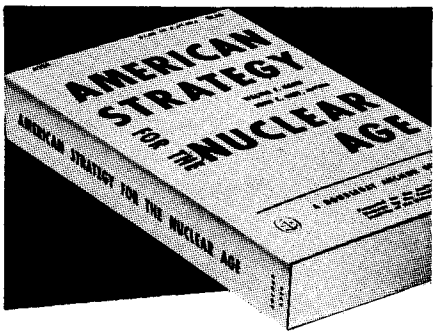

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couple of my brothers up and down the aisles with baseball bats. That's better. All right now, I'm going to win, and I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to whip the whole country into shape in ninety days. We've been playing ring-around-the-rosy long enough. You want some action? Well wait until you see how things pop on the New Frontier. Don't get the idea just because I went to Harvard that it's going to be some kind of tea party. First thing I'm going to do is get the whole country out on the grass at five-thirty every morning doing calisthenics. The Republicans say that the country has done pretty well during the last eight years considering how tough things have been. I say that's not good enough. Things can be tougher!

There's ten minutes left on the television time, but I've said all I've got to say. Any questions? If not, let's break it up and get back to work.

Senator Frank J. Lausche in Elyria: I never endorsed Stevenson and I may not be much of a Democrat, but I haven't gotten where I am today by not knowing which side of the bread the butter was on. I'm for Kennedy.

FROM A TV REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

By DANIEL SCHORR

(CBS Commentator)

Television, that assiduous pursuer of personalities, suddenly finds itself confronted with a buyer's market and draws back suspiciously. Inaccessible Communist chiefs are being offered, and urged upon the networks. "Would you like an interview with Janos Kadar? What program would you have available?"

Amid the assemblage of the great, fame is suddenly depreciated. Tito of Yugoslavia, faced with indifference, is distressed. A diplomat at the United Nations says, "The Yugoslav delegation has discreetly given the State Department a tentative date for Tito's departure as a reminder that if he is to be invited to Washington and elsewhere in America, there is not much time." A State Department official says, "If you invite one, you have to invite them all. It's tough!"

Khrushchev shows up at a Togo reception, ignoring his host, the premier of a country that is a member of the French Community. He calls President Eisenhower's speech "conciliatory" and "positive." The machinery whispers from the Soviet delegation and Soviet newsmen grind out the line, "Khrushchev's speech tomorrow will be very moderate. He wants to get coexistence started again. You will see . . ."

From a senior American official, who traditionally remains unidentified: "Every major Soviet speech contains elements of hard and soft. It runs the dialectical scale. Our job is to figure out which is the predominant note, and it isn't always easy. This time there is no question—it's hard. It's a speech more aimed at Communist Parties than at the West."

From a Polish diplomat: "There are only two paragraphs in Khrushchev's speech that are important—where he says that he wants to get along with the United States. That is what he came here to say." A reporter remarks, "That sounds to me like typically Polish . . ." and stops to search for a word. The Polish diplomat supplies it: "Wishful thinking?"

As Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld defends his office against Khrushchev's attack, the Soviet premier thumps the table with his fist and breaks out into a grin.

Is the table pounding applause or disapproval? A Russian correspondent says, "Frankly, I don't know. I have never seen this gesture in the Soviet Union. It is not applause. We do that by clapping hands. But this pounding of the table I have never seen."

Khrushchev says later, at Cyrus Eaton's luncheon, that he meant it as disapproval. The Russian correspondent never saw the gesture at home because in Russia people don't often show disapproval of speeches.

In the Assembly, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan speaks, his speech almost equally divided between rejecting Communist charges against the West—especially against West Germany—and appeal for a revived spirit of negotiation. It is a little too much for Khrushchev, who pounds both fists on the desk while Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko pounds one fist. Khrushchev shouts angry interruptions from the floor, something the U.N. has never seen. But neither has Khrushchev lately seen a speaker quietly ignore his interruptions. "I should like that to be translated if he wants to say anything," was the only acknowledgement he got from Macmillan.

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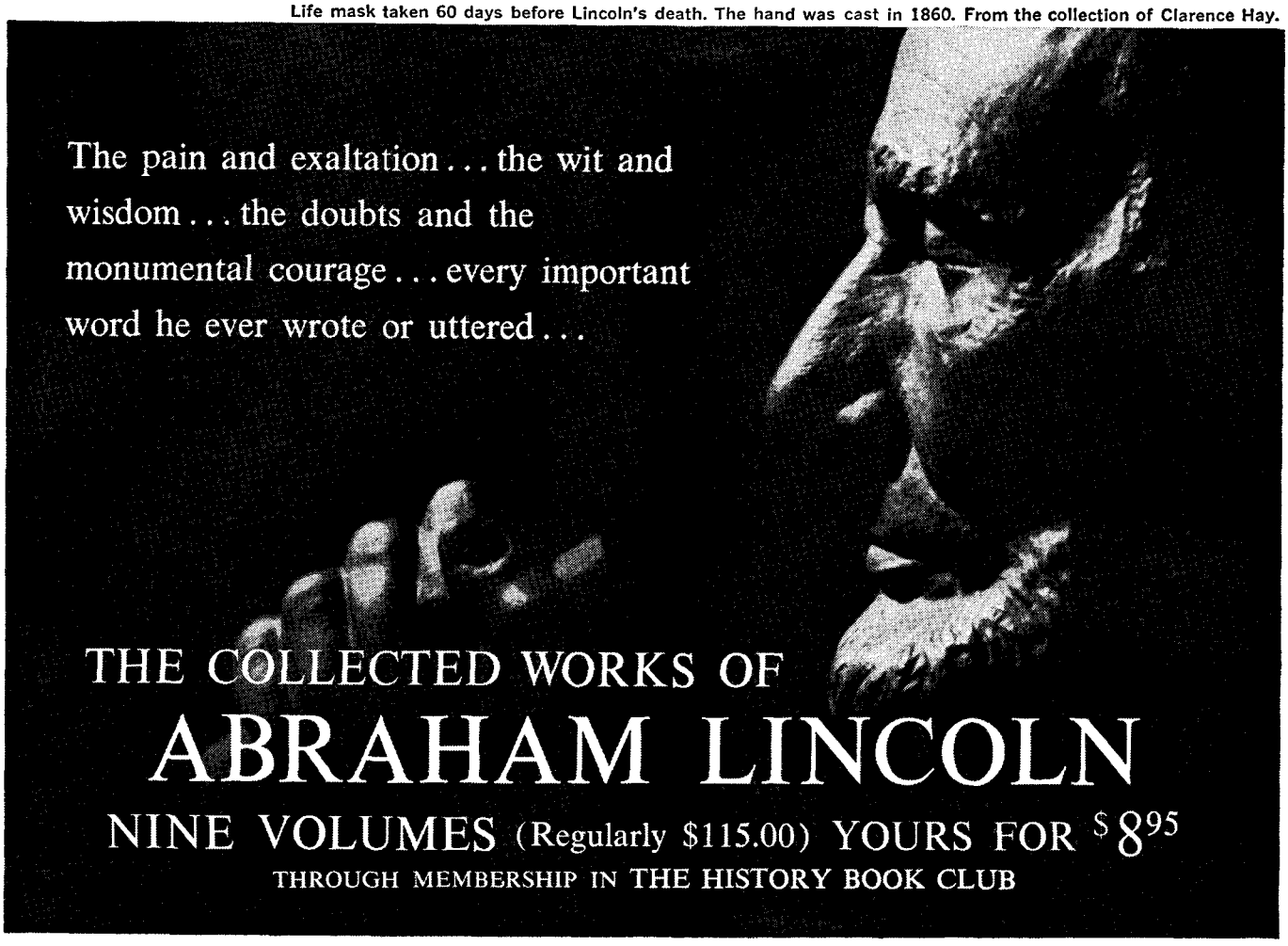
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay.



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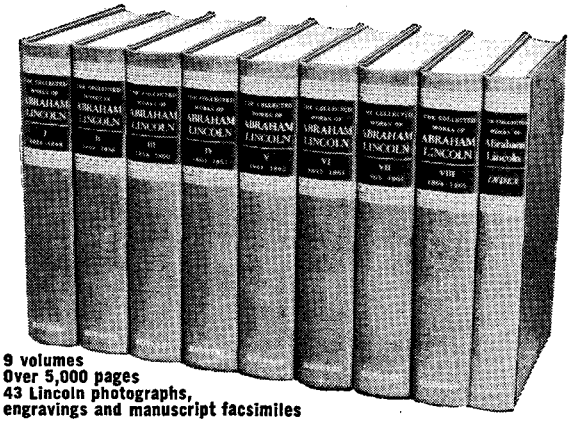

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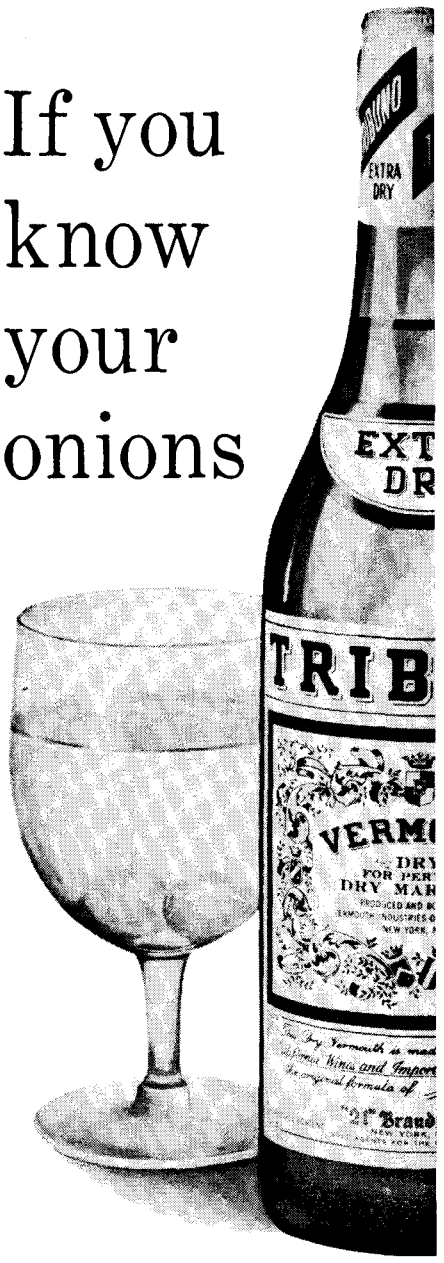

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THE SPIRIT OF '29

To the Editor: Speaker Sam Rayburn may have created several institutions in his time, as Douglass Cater alleges in "Stalemate on Capitol Hill" in your September 15 issue. But one of them was NOT "the bourbon-bibbing 'Board of Education.'" This fictitious entity was a well-known institution in the office of Speaker Nicholas Longworth, an Ohio Republican, in 1929, and it existed previously, as far as I know. That's merely where I came in.

BESS FURMAN
New York *Times*
Washington Bureau

JUGGLING JOBLESSNESS

To the Editor: I have read with pleasure and interest Sar A. Levitan's "Our Creeping Unemployment" (*The Reporter*, September 29). Mr. Levitan writes with fine clarity and economy about a big subject.

I certainly agree with him that unemployment might be a real issue in the coming campaign—it deserves to be. However, the September 9 release of the Department of Labor entitled "The Employment Situation: August 1960" is an illustration of political tranquilizing for the purpose of obscuring the issue. The release said:

"The pickup in nonfarm jobs in August was less than seasonal because of the early changeover in automobile models, together with further reductions in steel employment, Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell announced today. In most industries and in agriculture employment changes were largely seasonal. Total employment continued at a record high for the month, and unemployment fell, although not as much as usual for this time of year.

"Unemployment dropped by 200,000 over the month to 3.8 million, largely because of the exit of young summer job-seekers from the labor force. Unemployment among adult men and women was at about the July levels—1.9 and 1.1 million, respectively. Seasonal expectations call for a larger drop in the number of unemployed teenagers, and some decline in the number of unemployed adult men in August. The seasonally adjusted rate of unemployment rose to 5.9 per cent from 5.4 per cent a month earlier; the seasonal adjustment procedure, however, does not take account of the early model changeover this year."

The significant news in the release is that unemployment rose to 5.9 per cent. Six per cent would be serious unemployment under the Labor Department's own standard. This item was tucked away for the last sentence of the second paragraph.

The impression is given that the August picture is a cheerful one marked by the fact that "unemployment fell." However, if it were not for the early

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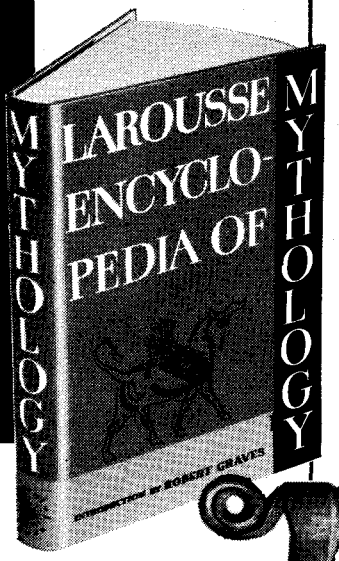

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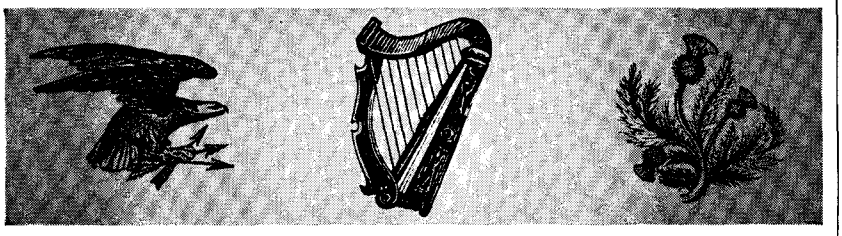

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Acrostician—

ALBERT CAMUS

And for an answer to the gift puzzle, turn to page 43

auto changeover, the seasonally adjusted unemployment figure for July would have been higher than the 5.4 per cent reported for that month. The true picture is therefore ominous and suggests dangerous trends toward rising unemployment.

SAMUEL V. MERRICK, Counsel
Special Senate Committee
on Unemployment Problems

To the Editor: Whether the level and upward trend in unemployment becomes a significant issue in the 1960 elections, it has great significance both domestically and internationally. Mr. Levitan has served a valuable purpose in highlighting the successively higher levels of unemployment at each peak of prosperity in the past decade.

We seem to have resigned ourselves to an increase of at least one million in the number of unemployed from boom to boom. In 1952 and 1953, unemployment averaged about 1.75 million. In 1956 and 1957, it averaged more than 2.75 million, and in 1959-60, the average is just under 4 million. The complacency of the Republican administration with respect to these wasted human resources is a reflection of its complete lack of concern over our failure to grow vigorously and to utilize our resources more fully in seeking to demonstrate the superiority of our type of economy over the Soviet system.

It is quite true that the level of unemployment throughout the past decade has been so limited relative to what happened in the 1930's as to give the impression of great success in preventing mass unemployment. The hardships associated with unemployment have not been so widespread as to make the subject of idleness a headline story. On the other hand, there are great hardships in many areas and among certain categories of workers. But most important of all is the waste and callous disregard of the fact that we are involved in a crucial ideological struggle with a dangerous competitor. Mr. Nixon has demonstrated that he is no more concerned about this subject than is President Eisenhower. Both are unconcerned over the fact that tens of billions of dollars of productive potential are being lost forever because of our idle manpower and other resources.

ROBERT R. NATHAN
Consulting Economist
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: Mr. Levitan's excellent article has performed a real service. All too often, glib generalities sweep under the rug a problem that should cause economists to take a new look at the economic foundations of our prosperity. We should not watch the slowly increasing number of those working, while population soars, but the significant percentage of this increasing population that is unable to find employment.

Among the changes in the economic landscape brought by the 1950's is not only the decline of unskilled jobs; for

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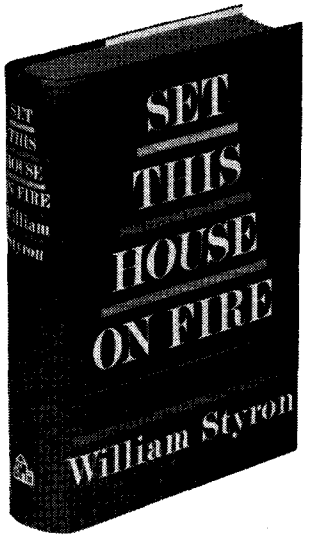

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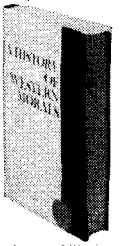

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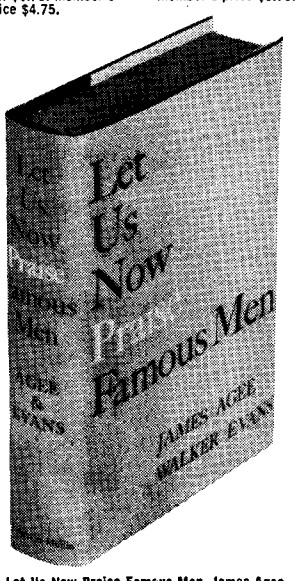

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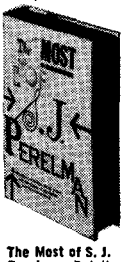

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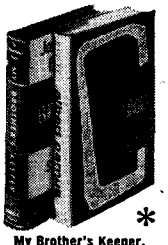

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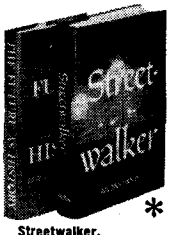

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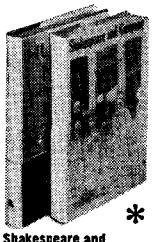

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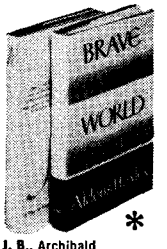

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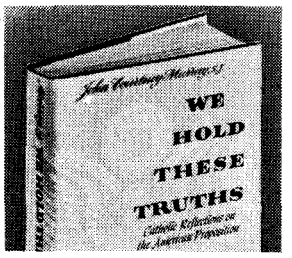

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the first time there are actually more white-collar workers in the country than blue-collar workers. The decline in many manufacturing centers, and the increase in non-manufacturing activities, may be as important as the movement from farm to city. The cities' problem is aggravated by farm workers, often from the South, not only unskilled but unequipped for the high-pressure work pace and the conformity of habits of industrial society.

Our prosperity is piebald. As long as only some coal or textile areas showed persistent unemployment, special causes could be blamed. The general level of six per cent unemployment, however, which Dr. Levitan mentions—a level that is usually taken as indicative of danger for individual areas—points to possible economic earthquakes. Uneven distribution of high unemployment over the nation means more than a temporary dip in the cycle.

Dr. Levitan discusses many causes, including lack of diversification of areas. But even in such diversified areas as Philadelphia the employment level has failed to reach that of the depression years of 1954-1955. The older, well-settled areas have suffered most; by moving out to new plants in spacious areas, industry has been able to install all the new gadgets of automation. Some of these problems could have been alleviated by the remedies of the twice-vetoed "Area Redevelopment" (Douglas-Clark) bill.

It is more basic, though, that much of the demand for our goods is built on sand. The lagging automobile market shows the finally dawning preference of the public for a means of locomotion rather than a lit-up pinball machine. Here and there some of the public begins to show that it cannot all be fooled all the time. Meantime, the "images" that are "packaged" by Madison Avenue take the economy forever into temporary flights of fancy, while business's fear of "losing the market" leads to erratic decisions causing unemployment. The fear that disarmament and peace would be a catastrophe undermining our economy proves how shaky it is.

The inexhaustible demand for the use of resources (including manpower) for goods our people really need, and for public welfare at home and abroad, goes unnoticed and unmet. Schools, transportation, urban renewal, medical care for everybody, massive retraining, developing of river systems, construction of utilities and public works, etc., would take care of today's unemployed, and lead to investment which would take care of tomorrow's. "Creeping unemployment," if regarded as a symptom of basic dislocations of the economy, may prove to be a most significant realization. Congratulations for printing this thought-provoking analysis.

(DR.) KIRK R. PETSHEK
Urban Development and Economic Coordinator
Philadelphia

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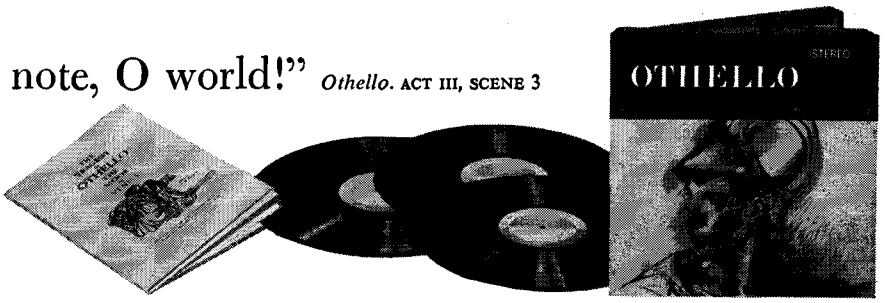
"Take note, take note, O world!" *Othello.* ACT III, SCENE 3



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Twelfth Night. ACT I, SCENE 5

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"Thrift, thrift, Horatio!"
Hamlet. ACT I, SCENE 2

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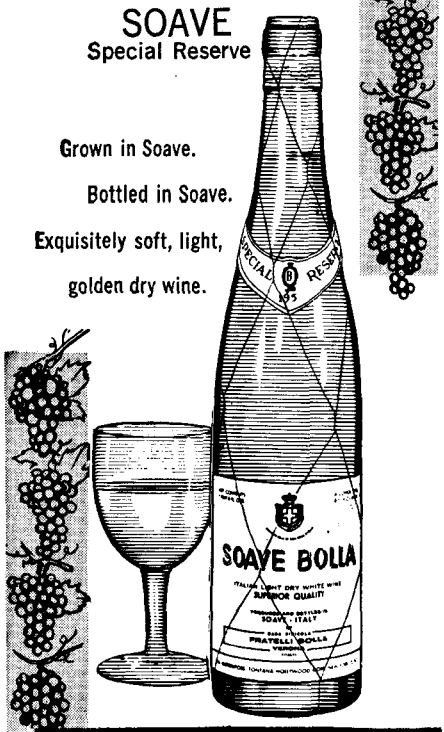

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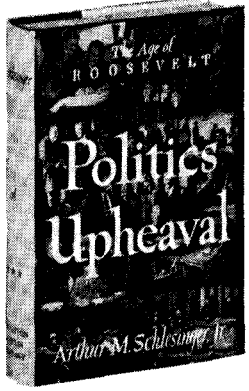

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WITH AN EVENT like the current meeting of the United Nations General Assembly going on in New York, our editor has appointed himself U.N. reporter. From the press gallery he has been listening to quite a number of unending speeches, and several times it happened that looking right and left at the abstract murals painted by Fernand Léger, he found himself thinking that in that weird setting they nearly made sense. . . . The Irishman of song and story is renowned for all manner of capacities, but he has rarely been celebrated as a peacemaker. Yet Frederick H. Boland, the new president of the General Assembly, is living evidence that there is a different kind of Irishman on the world scene—and incidentally there could not be a man better fitted for that particularly arduous job this session. **Lawrence Malkin** is a member of the Associated Press bureau covering the United Nations. . . . Our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling**, was very anxious to go to the Congo, but considering that we had already published reports on events in that unfortunate country and considering also that there must be a surfeit of journalists in Léopoldville, we cabled Mrs. Sterling to fly to Brussels and look at the Congo mess from there. Her story tells how the whole thing happened. It does not pretend to justify anybody—but the Belgians, too, ought to be heard. . . . **Marvin Kalb** is a CBS news correspondent in Moscow; his wife, **Madeleine Kalb,** is a specialist on the Communist movement in Africa. They assess the means and the motives of Russia's soft sell among the new nations of Africa.

WITH each new moratorium that has been declared or suggested, most Americans have hoped that they might really have heard the last of the "Catholic Issue" in this Presidential campaign. But for all the disclaimers and all the noble condemnation of prejudice, the "issue" is constantly being revived. **Douglass Cater** is our Washington editor. . . . Senator Kennedy has shown considerable sincerity and patience throughout the various "trials" of conscience and loyalty that some groups have considered themselves qualified to impose on him. **The Reverend John W. Turnbull,** associate professor of Christian Ethics at the Episcopal Seminary of the Southwest in Austin, Texas, reports on an appearance the senator made before the Greater Houston Ministerial Association on September 12. . . . Since 1952 there has been a marked and continuing falling off of Northern Negro support for Democratic candidates. **James Q. Wilson,** assistant professor in the department of political science at the University of Chicago, examines the reasons for this change in Negro voting habits. . . . Okinawa was won from the Japanese at a cost of forty-nine thousand casualties; it was turned into the United States' major Western Pacific base at a cost of one billion dollars. **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist who sends us frequent reports from the Far East, discusses the island's political and military security in the context of the rapidly changing balance of conventional power in the East.

DESPITE the implications of the short story signed **R. C. Phelan,** whoever sent it to us insisted on being paid at regular rates—just as though it had been written by a free-lance writer and member of the faculty at the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville. . . . Staff writer **Marya Mannes,** who is presently in London, reports on offerings in the British entertainment world ranging from Picasso through Lawrence of Arabia to soap opera set among the cups of tea and calls for blood of London hospital life. . . . **George Steiner** is a frequent contributor to *The Reporter*. . . . **Malcolm Bradbury,** an Englishman who has been living in America, agrees with Martin Green, another Englishman who has been living in America, that America is a wonderful place to be an Englishman in. Apparently it is also a good place to rediscover England from. . . . **William L. Rivers** is a member of our staff.

Our cover is by **Alvin C. Hollingsworth.**

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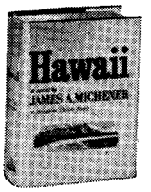

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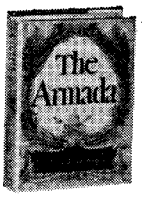

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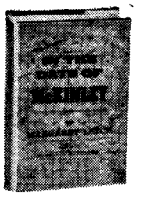

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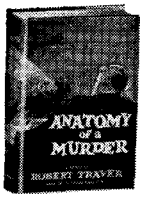

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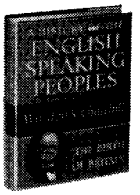

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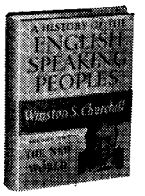

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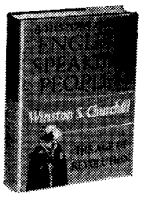

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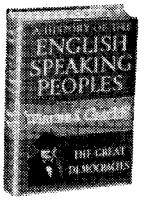

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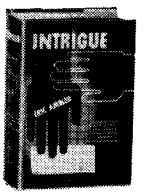

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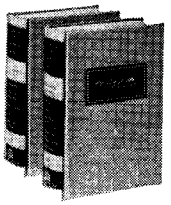

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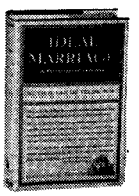

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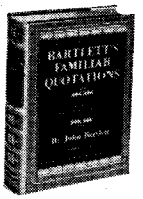

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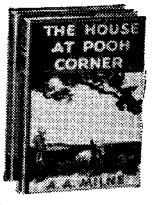

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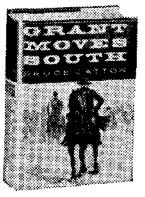

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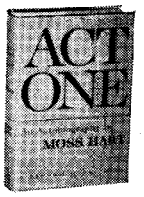

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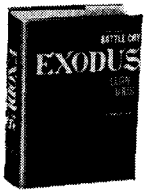

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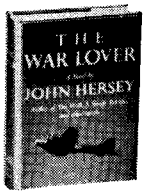

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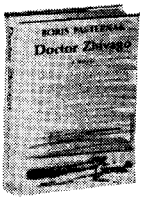

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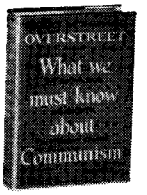

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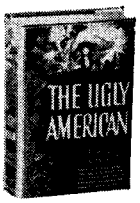

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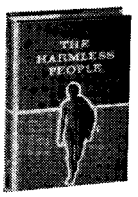

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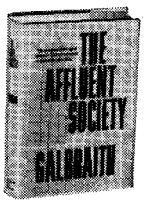

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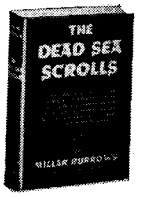

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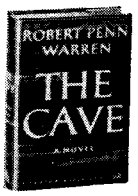

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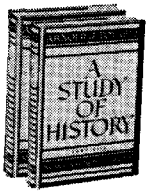

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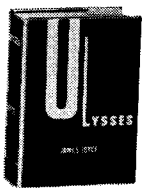

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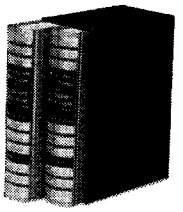

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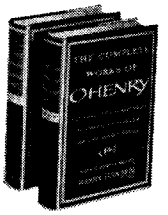

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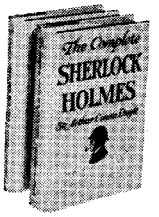

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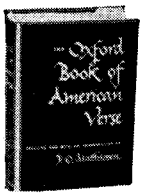

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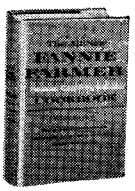

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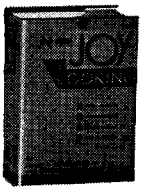

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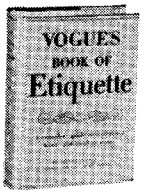

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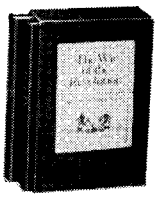

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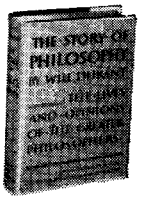

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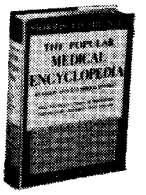

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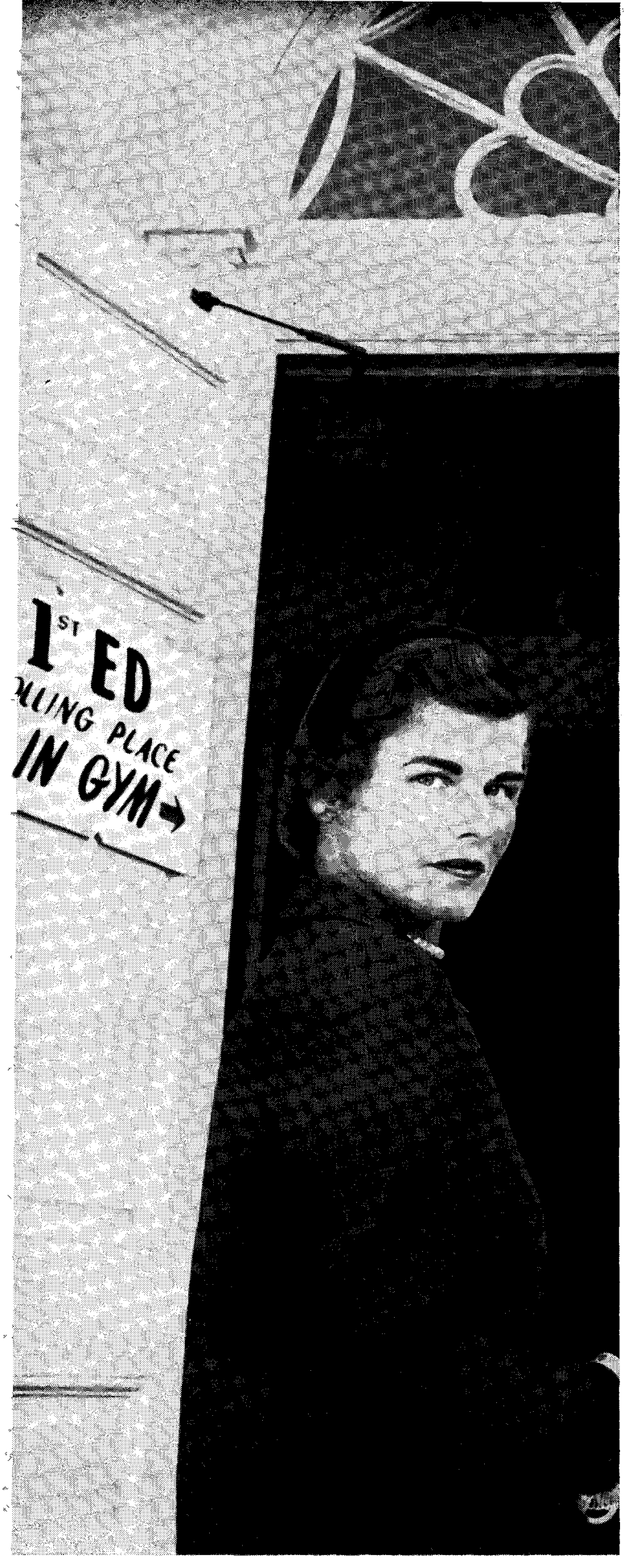

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ON NOVEMBER 8th your wife and 56 million other eligible American women will outvote men in a Presidential election for the first time in our history.

From 1948 to 1956, the number of women who exercised their right to vote increased by almost 40%. Because of this upward trend, plus the fact that there are now over 3 million more women eligible to vote than men, political scientists predict women will cast over 2 million more votes than men this year. Thus, a record women's vote could be decisive in electing our next President.

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Khrushchev's Blunder at the U.N.

Notes from the Assembly Hall

MAX ASCOLI

THE POLITICS that is being played here in the General Assembly hall is a substitute for the war that cannot be fought. The world has become widowed of war. How, then, can changes occur? What are the substitutes for force?

Here the substitutes are being displayed. The first display is made by our President. He talks nobly, and there is conviction in his voice. Dear old Ike, no one can doubt that he is a man of peace. Does he possibly realize himself how far-reaching are the measures he suggests for the attainment of "peaceful progress"?

"Peaceful progress," "peace with justice," are among his favorite expressions. Year after year, we have heard them; they still ring true. He is fond of talking like the head of a nation that has no closer neighbor than mankind at large. His commitment to the political organization of mankind is unqualified. Not once did he mention our alliance or the fact that at least part of the programs he advocates for Africa and for other sections of the world can be carried out by the western bloc.

Does he know that the U.N. can live up to the staggering job he is willing to assign to it only if the number and influence of the neutral nations are greatly increased? This may be a desirable goal, but does he know that he is moving toward it? To the insulation of Africa from East-West power politics, to the establishment of a welfare world, peaceful and rich enough to bring about "change and progress" in all its "developing areas" (formerly called underdeveloped), to all this our country would contribute, so it seems, predominantly through the U.N., and our contribution would be mostly by providing material means. The enormous task of insulating a continent must be entrusted mainly to nations, or to personnel coming from nations, that are politically insulated. The policy of our country—I was thinking while the President talked—is turning into one of vicarious insulation, or vicarious neutrality.

Are there enough neutrals to go around? How many reasonable facsimiles of Sweden can be found in the rest of the world? The new administration should certainly revise our global policy of military alliances, for while we cannot dispense with NATO, the quasi NATOS scattered in other sections of the world have proved to be expensive and risky liabilities. We have a surplus of allies and a shortage of neutrals, and we stand to gain if some allied nations turn into genuine neutrals, capable of defending their independence and willing to have it guaranteed by us.

Whose Neutrals?

After the President, a professional neutral marched to the rostrum. Since his break with Stalin, Marshal Tito has been a strenuous advocate of what has become known as positive neutralism. Listening to Tito, nobody could doubt that he is positively pro-Soviet and icily neutral toward us. On disarmament and the kind of control it requires, he was in thorough agreement with what Khrushchev said last year; on colonialism he anticipated what Khrushchev was to say the following day. He is for a kind of genial coexistence of different ideologies in the world, while in his own country he admits the existence of Djilas so long as it is sheltered by prison walls. He is for the Algerian rebels, of course, although he was not inclined to generosity when he captured that archrebel Mihajlovic.

An even more engagingly positive neutral spoke the following day, just before Khrushchev. Like Tito, President Nkrumah of Ghana is extremely busy at playing blocs. These statesmen used to call themselves uncommitted, but lately they have been taken by a violent urge to become committed to each other. Some years ago, they used to play a slightly different game: their nation, they liked to say, was a bridge between East and West.

Now these heads of not overdemocratic nations are, in various degrees, suspicious of the West and sharply critical of the U.N. policies in the Congo. For some still obscure

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reasons, they are passionate advocates of Patrice Lumumba, whose power to rule over the Congo they want to have backed by U.N. forces. Actually, the Ghanaian soldiers in Léopoldville have managed to do their best by offering shelter and a guard of honor to that improbable character. Or maybe all these positive neutrals, including Nasser when he spoke later, feel that Lumumba's legitimacy is somewhat congenial to that which makes them rulers of their countries.

Nkrumah is particularly emphatic in claiming the right of the African nations to police the African continent and to use as they please the assistance they are generous enough to accept from the rest of the world. In his gaily colored toga, he expounded with great eloquence the main points of the Soviet line. Though he paid compliments to Dag Hammarskjöld, he condemned all his policies in the Congo. Toward our country, his attitude was a paragon of aloof, positive neutrality. These positive neutrals are certainly a queer lot: if God protects us from these neutrals, I kept thinking, we can take care of our enemies.

Old Acquaintance

When the turn came for the chief enemy to speak, it was almost refreshing. By now we know him, and above all we know, or should know, how the Communists operate. His bounciness was tempered by the heaviness of party phraseology. Yet a couple of stunts made the spectator gasp, as when, for instance, he offered Lumumba a non-Communist affidavit, or when he suggested that all non-self-governing territories be made into sovereign states, pronto, as if he were anxious to have the Belgians absolved of all their sins of commission and omission. Or when he mentioned Puerto Rico among the oppressed colonies to be freed.

But contrary to what Secretary Herter said, Khrushchev did not declare war on the U.N.: he simply brought the traditional pattern of Communist subversion into the U.N. Up till now, the Russians used a technique of piecemeal sabotage; now they have enough respect for the world organization to wish to paralyze it and make it into a vehicle of subversion.

In the U.N. Assembly, Khrushchev and his troupe are acting like any Communist parliamentary group in any country where the Communist Party is strong and where parliamentary institutions have not yet been suppressed. At the U.N., the Communist parliamentary group is uninhibited, for there is not much of an executive branch to balance this assembly. Yet the approximate equivalent of an executive branch —the Secretariat—has lately shown unexpected vigor and resourcefulness, thanks to Dag Hammarskjöld. Here too, Khrushchev has acted in strict conformity with the book.

He suggests replacing the chief executive, who happens to be too good, with a coalition cabinet.

The coalition Khrushchev has in mind is a monumental evidence of his equanimity: one Communist representative, one representative from the western democracies, and one from the nations determined to follow the neutral line—positive, of course. Could anything be simpler? Khrushchev has taken upon himself to be the recruiting agent for his group if he can manage it, or, if not, for the positive neutrals. His friends in that camp, the bloc players and the bridge players, the former professionals of noncommitment, are expected to give him a hand. They do. This is the time of compulsory permanent registration. Khrushchev cannot be expected to do any recruiting for our bloc, and, as if he had become a disciple of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, he has no patience with neutrals who are not positive. Yet the number of such neutrals is growing, and this drives him mad.

A Window for a Masaryk

Khrushchev couldn't have made a bigger blunder. Obviously, he has no experience with parliaments. He should have asked Palmiro Togliatti to come and coach him. His trick is just too transparent, even for the most obtuse developing leader of a developing nation. He wants to take over the U.N., but gently, as Stalin took over Czechoslovakia. Later, he was gracious enough to concede that Dag Hammarskjöld could be the western representative in the triumvirate.

What Khrushchev utterly fails to realize is the passionate grip this world organization with so little power has on the hearts of men. For it is possible to conceive of a world where this or that nation may disappear, but it is not possible to think of a world without the U.N., or, which is the same, of a world where the U.N. has moved from the east end of 42nd Street, New York City, to somewhere in the shade of the Kremlin.

Of all this, one man is more aware than anyone else, for of this unique situation that man, Dag Hammarskjöld, is the embodiment. Actually Hammarskjöld should be grateful to Khrushchev, who has rescued him from a serious predicament. The secretary-general could not help getting involved in the Congo business. But his policy there had to rest on the assumption of a balance of forces at the Security Council level reproduced in the Congo by a government that could stay in power only by acknowledging its hopeless incapacity to exercise power.

Now, thanks to Khrushchev, the issue of the Congo has become, to say the least, a secondary one. What is at stake is the survival of the U.N. If it survives—and it will—some international, and not Pan-African, trusteeship for the Congo will have to be patched together, and a chastened Khrushchev may have to get reconciled to it. For he tried to Congolize the U.N., and thereby proved to be not much cleverer than Lumumba.

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Boland of Ireland

LAWRENCE MALKIN

THE U.N. General Assembly of 1960 has elected as its president a diplomat who practices his craft in a manner that might best be described as neo-classic. He is Frederick H. Boland, a ruddy-faced Irishman distinguished by a firmly held position of independence. At the United Nations Boland has been working for several years to create a moderating force. He likes to call this force the "center party."

Unlike the Assembly's numerous power blocs, the party has no regular members and no aspirations for collecting any. Nor is it a "neutral bloc" in which all members are uncommitted but some more uncommitted than others. Rather it represents a frame of mind for breaking up the rigid thinking solidified in a bloc. On specific issues it can enlist the Scandinavians, Mexico and Ecuador, Canada, Japan, Austria, the Irish, and any of the middle-rank nations. (This year they'll be especially needed to help find a face-saving road out of Nikita Khrushchev's dead-end attacks on the U.N.) Sometimes the "center party" can take in a member deeply committed to a bloc—like the Tunisians who steered the troubled African group through this summer's growing pains and into support for Hammarskjöld on the Congo.

The Irish, for their part, are working to channel the flood of new nations—and the oratory Moscow and Washington are directing at them—into more productive channels. Boland, a portly, gray-haired man who reads Thucydides in Greek for relaxation and if necessary can keep a clear head and a clever tongue throughout a liquid lunch, got his first experience playing U.N. ringmaster as chairman of the Assembly's Trusteeship Committee in 1958, when he had been chief Irish delegate for only two years. He prevented this particularly garrulous body, a center for U.N. discussion for Africa, from drifting into an old-fashioned independence rally. He kept the lid on debate simply by threatening to call night meetings. He also took great pains to gavel down Britain, France, and other colonial nations at least once a week so he could have ample latitude in also gaveling down their disputatious former colonies without being accused of favoritism.

'A Different View'

Ireland entered the United Nations in the first major wave of new nations, the 1955 "package" deal that admitted some more Soviet satellites in exchange for a number of western and pro-western nations. The Irish lost no time in making it plain that even though their country is devoted to the Catholic Church, they had no plans to fight blindly with the anti-Communist armies. "Some say we were the surprise in the package," says Conor Cruise O'Brien, a young Irish diplomat whose father represented Ireland at the old League of Nations and proudly spoke nothing but Gaelic.

The first major Irish surprise at the U.N. came in 1957, when Foreign Minister Frank Aiken marched up to the Assembly rostrum and announced that Ireland would not vote with the West on the traditional American formula for excluding Communist China. This parliamentary device has always postponed discussion of Peking's admission from one year to the next, but Aiken complains that it stifles free speech.

Aiken, who used to blow up British troop trains in his rebel days, now applies his talents as an iconoclast to international relations. A farmer and amateur inventor (a peat stove for coal-short wartime Ireland, and a device for aerating shoes in Dublin's muggy climate), Aiken started his career in the Irish Republican Army, which gives him the basic credentials for Irish politics. He rose to become an I.R.A. commandant and helped formulate the Collins-de Valera pact that ended the 1922 civil war. "We are trying to reconcile positions today in the world just as we did then in Ireland," he says. "Sometimes you must take a different view of things to get somewhere."

Hungary, Tibet, and the Irish

The Irish first took part in high-level diplomatic consultations late in 1956. During the negotiations setting up a special committee to investigate Soviet suppression of the Hungarian revolt, the Irish canvassed the neutralists and found them protesting that the United States was trying to make a "cold war" issue out of the Hungarian tragedy. Boland warned U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge that if the West tried to base its case on Communist suppression it might scare off the neutrals. He proposed instead to cast the condemnation in terms of a big country (Russia) attacking a small one (Hungary). But the State Department insisted on the Communist angle and lost the votes of India and several other uncommitted nations. Every year the United States has managed to keep the issue alive by setting up some sort of U.N. investigation. But by now the neutralists have grown openly bored with the whole thing, and the fire behind the U.N.'s indignation has flickered out.

This experience helped teach the Irish how to use the United Nations as a weapon of world public opinion. They applied the lesson to last year's debate on Tibet, and the initiative they took was handled in such a way that it might serve as a textbook example of classical diplomacy adapted to modern conditions. They were working against the privately expressed reservations of (1) the United States (which didn't want to rock the boat with Peking so soon after Mr. Khrushchev's visit to America); (2) the Indians (ditto); (3) the French, the Belgians, and the South Afri-

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cans (who abstained for fear of setting an anti-colonialist precedent); and of course (4) the Communists, who claimed that the Irish were acting as front men for "imperialist reaction." This was a formidable array, so the Irish began by concentrating their persuasive powers on Southeast Asia, where disquiet was most widespread over Peking's violent campaign to force Tibet into the modern world.

At first the Asians were definitely not interested in doing anything that might offend Big Brother in Peking. But the Irish pointed to their consistent stand on Peking's admission to the U.N.; no one could believe they were playing patsy for the West in this debate. Their theme, and they never stopped driving it home, was that a small country had suffered at the hands of a large one. It gave delegates from small countries pause for reflection. Joining with the Malayans, the Irish introduced an innocuous resolution to put the United Nations on record as simply favoring "respect for the fundamental human rights of the Tibetan people and their distinctive cultural and religious life." One Irishman said, "If we water it down any further we'll not even be mentioning either Tibet or Red China." As it turned out, Red China never was mentioned by name in the resolution as passed—but that made little difference. Instead of trying to ram through a strong appeal that probably would have been pigeonholed, the Irish concentrated their attention on a sharp and well-publicized debate that left no doubt about its target.

"The Communists cannot be totally insensitive to what others think about them," Boland says. "Otherwise why would they spend such fabulous sums on propaganda to create a good impression?"

DIPLOMACY in the United Nations usually produces only short-range tactical successes. Given the nature of the United Nations as essentially a diplomatic instrument, it is fatal to expect much more—as the United States did in Hungary, to the great disillusionment of many Americans. The Irish have been realistic and more than once have maneuvered their opponents into uncomfortable and damaging positions. In his first speech on Tibet, Soviet delegate V. V. Kuznetsov spoke in ugly language reminiscent of Andrei Vishinsky. He sounded like a speaker direct from Peking, and in a way he was. Many neutralists were genuinely shocked when he became so enraged that he said, "Tibet is a dead issue and it is already beginning to stink."

The Irish prefer to do their work without such epithets swirling about to becloud the rarefied air of diplomacy, freezing positions and barring any radical approach that might promote rethinking of an international dispute. Their most noteworthy campaign of this type, directed in person by Aiken, was aimed at stopping the spread of nuclear weapons beyond the present members of the "atomic club." (He included France even before the successful Sahara test, because it was obvious that the French had gone too far in atomic research to give up.)

Winning the Votes

The Irish have used their political experience in revolution to counsel the Algerian rebels at the U.N. toward moderation. Last year Boland tried to persuade the Algerians to include a reference to de Gaulle's self-determination plan. They refused and preferred to go down with all flags flying for independence. Had they compromised they would have won enough votes (including Ireland's) to get U.N. backing for a significant part of their goals. As for the French, Boland has warned them against similar extremism, citing the British minister who told Parliament at the height of the Irish rebellion, "We have murder by the throat." Shortly afterward, Boland recalled, the same man was sitting at a table with the Irish "murderers" working out a peace treaty.

The best example of using the "center party" to break a deadlock formed by bloc voting occurred during last year's fight between Poland and Turkey for a seat on the Security Council. The maneuverings were conducted through private pressure devices known in the trade as "arm-twisting." American diplomats worked busily to keep their allies in line, hoping to prevent Poland's election as another symbol of Communist hegemony in Eastern Europe. Diplomats from nations friendly to the United States often found themselves summoned to the little fourth-floor office maintained by the American delegation at U.N. Headquarters. They would be informed politely that "Congress might not understand" if they should vote a certain way on such and such an issue. Most got the hint. The Irish, who are never summoned for this purpose, exercise their wit by referring to this office as "Lubianka."

After forty secret ballots, the Irish and their friends seriously began trying to work out a compromise between the Communists and the West. The Assembly was almost equally divided, and two-thirds are needed to elect. If the stalemate persisted, the Security Council would have been one member short and legally might not have been able to meet.

The story of how the Polish-Turkish deadlock was broken has never been fully told. What happened was that seven nations (among them Sweden, Norway, Canada, and Ireland) warned Poland they would switch to Turkey unless the Poles agreed to some sort of compromise. The Russians got wind of this, but realized that seven votes were not enough and ordered the Poles to refuse. The seven then rounded up support from eight more nations that had been voting for Poland. An ultimatum again was presented: compromise, or we will *all* switch to Turkey. This time the Poles—and the Russians—knew they had to give in; fifteen votes would have given the Council seat to Turkey for the next two years and frozen Poland out. Within a few hours, United States and Soviet representatives reached an agreement for the Poles and the Turks to split the term, each taking the seat for one year.

Bridging the Gap

The "center party" so far has derived its power from the fact that none of the regular blocs—the Communists, the Latin Americans, the Africans, the Arabs, the Asians, the North Atlantic allies—has the necessary two-thirds majority to push a pet project through the Assembly. (The Afro-Asians, who this session make up almost half the Assembly, are now so many as to be unwieldly.)

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The blocs usually must consult with the undetermined number of nations belonging to the center to boost their voting strength. In the process, the "center party" tries to modify the resolutions and moderate the speeches instead of throwing up its hands and retreating into abstention, the refuge of the world-weary. Thus the Irish and their friends are trying to bridge the gap not only between East and West but also between "the North and the South" (as Boland puts it)—the big nations and the small, the rich and the poor, the old and the new, those rooted in the past and those eager to rush into the future.

The Irish are basically in accord with the nationalists in the new countries, for they know themselves what nationalism is. They can take credit for trying to moderate its irrational extremes; no one is better equipped than a veteran of the Irish Republican Army to lecture others on the excesses of waving the flag for God, Country, and Independence. This battle cry ironically has become a holy of holies in the United Nations, where internationalism and one-worldism are supposed to be the guiding light. In this session of the Assembly the Irish want ideas brought out in the open where the Africans can examine them and then take them home for some hard thinking. "All parliaments are talkfests, after all," Boland points out. "Their effectiveness depends on how much attention you pay them. Perhaps in this case we can get people to pay attention to new ideas."

"The big nations need to use tact and tolerance in dealing with the small ones," explained one Irish diplomat. "But the small ones sometimes seem like awful busybodies. After all, they can talk all they want without necessarily committing themselves to doing something about it. At the same time, they're very much afraid of being snuffed out by the big ones, or even just badgered to death in a cold war they never made."

MINUTES after Nikita Khrushchev's speech to this session of the Assembly, Pierre Wigny, foreign minister of Belgium, asked for the floor to defend his Congo policy against attack by the Soviet premier and President Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana. Emboldened by Khrushchev's tirade, Ismaël Touré of Guinea asked Boland to cut off Wigny on the ground that heads of state—Khrushchev and Nkrumah—were too lofty to be called down by a mere foreign minister. Boland reminded him that free speech must be free for everyone and not just the select few. As Touré stormed out of the hall, Boland brought down his gavel and intoned: "I give the floor to the foreign minister of Belgium."

Why the Belgians Failed

CLAIRE STERLING

BRUSSELS

SINCE the Belgians committed what their king called the "generous and spontaneous act" of setting the Congo free, they have been accused both of criminal irresponsibility for giving it up so suddenly and of a criminal plot to get it back—and of several other colonialist crimes as well. Are the charges justified? Was the Belgian government wrong in freeing the Congo when and in the way it did? Could it have done otherwise? How much of what has happened there since June 30 should rightfully be blamed on Belgium, and how much on the current anti-colonial neurosis that one Belgian defines as the "Bandung-Cairo-Accra syndrome"?

In their search for answers, many Belgians have found it hard not so much to face the truth as to get at it. The average citizen here has never known much about what went on in the Congo or—except for eighty thousand colonial settlers and some sixty thousand holders of mining stock—deeply cared. While the colony was exceedingly profitable, it never represented more than five per cent of Belgium's national income; even now, should Belgium suffer a complete loss of its Congo assets, it could be made up in little more than a year. Furthermore, the Belgian people never much wanted the territory in the first place. It was King Leopold II who acquired it as his personal possession, and in the fifty years since it passed to the state it was never merged into the parliamentary system. The Congo's policies were put into effect by royal decree; and its destiny was left almost wholly in the hands of the royal palace, colonial administrators, the Catholic missions, and the Union Minière du Haut Katanga, which, with its parent holding company in Belgium, the Société Générale, dominated sixty per cent of the Congolese economy.

Until twenty-one months ago, the Congo had lived in apparently perfect peace and harmony for more than half a century. To be sure, it was a classic colony, which had not the least pretense of self-government and which paid regular, handsome dividends to its colonizers. But it was a land of incalculable natural wealth: though its uranium deposits have just given out, it is still saturated with copper, cobalt, bauxite, diamonds, gold—and with more than half the Union Minière's profits going into the Congolese treasury ($530 million over the past decade), its own dividends were rather handsome too. Its rate of industrialization was the highest in black Africa, backed up by a plant that had cost a billion dollars in the last ten years. Its native living standards were also the best on the continent, except possibly for Rhodesia. More than a million Congolese were gainfully employed, many in highly skilled jobs—operating diesels, running river steamers, transmitting in Morse code—for wages comparable to those in Belgium. More than a million native children were enrolled in non-segregated schools. More than six million natives—roughly half the black population—were converted Christians, five million of them baptized Catholics. On the surface at any rate, there wasn't a ripple of racial tension, nor were there more than barely discernible signs of a nationalistic movement worthy of the name.

Then, on January 4, 1959, the Congolese capital of Léopoldville

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suddenly erupted into four days of rape, pillage, and riot. The rioting was apparently unorganized and leaderless. But it was unmistakably anti-white, anti-Catholic, and anti-Belgian; and it not only frightened the colonists half out of their wits but left all Belgium aghast.

Origins of Congolese Nationalism

The first hint of independence for the Congo had come from King Baudouin: in a triumphal tour of the colony in 1955, he spoke of "leading the natives to lead themselves . . . though with the right of the colonizers to remain." The next reference was also from Belgium: in 1956, the Socialists then in power in Brussels formulated a long-term, open-dated program for independence "in progressive stages." During the same year, a Belgian Catholic professor named van Bilsen published a thirty-year plan for independence. Not until six months later, when a small study circle of Congolese *évolués* issued a manifesto incorporating van Bilsen's proposal, did the first native call for independence—on the thirty-year plan—issue from the Congo. It was also just about the last for a full two years, after which the initiative once again came from Belgium. Upon the fall of the Socialist government in Brussels in mid-1958, the Catholic-Liberal coalition replacing it called for a "new Congo policy" and sent a working group to the colony to determine its nature. Only then did the nationalist movement spring to life.

The Congolese had no lack of grievances. For all their highly paid skilled workers, the average per capita income in the colony was forty dollars a year; there was serious unemployment in the cities and unrelieved misery in the bush, where seventy-five per cent of the population lived; education stopped nearly stock-still at the primary-school level: in 1956 there were fifteen black Africans enrolled in Belgian universities, as against thirteen hundred from French territories in the universities of France; the color bar, though unwritten in law, was widespread in practice; there were no natives above the grade of clerk in the colonial administration, and not a single native officer in the Force Publique. There were, in shor , all the denials of freedom and dignity that had stirred other peoples to resistance throughout Africa. But the Congo's borders had been so long and effectively sealed that its natives knew little or nothing of what was happening beyond—until, however inadvertently, the Belgians told them.

The king's pronouncement in 1955, the Socialists' and van Bilsen's in 1956, the Catholic government's working group in 1958 had naturally whetted native interest. So, too, had the attitude of Catholic missionaries around the same time. As early as 1919, the Vatican had begun to think in terms of a policy that would keep the Church in Africa after the white man was gone; and it became plain around 1956, when the White Fathers' Order drew close to the F.L.N. rebels in Algeria, that this policy had more or less matured. In the Congo that same year, the earliest *évolué* pronouncements found ample space in publications sponsored by the Pères des Scheut and other missionary orders: *Horizons, Présence Congolaise, Temps Nouveaux,* and *Conscience Africaine,* where the native version of van Bilsen's plan was originally published. Also in that year, the bishops of the Congo officially affirmed "the right of this country's inhabitants to take part in the conduct of public affairs," adding that "the Church considers the emancipation of a people as legitimate provided it is accomplished in respect for mutual rights and charity."

Even with so many fires under the pot, however, it did not begin to boil until the summer of 1958, when two more were lit: in Brazzaville, only three miles across the river from Léopoldville, General de Gaulle came to offer several million Africans a referendum on their independence; and the World's Fair opened in Brussels. A number of exposition pavilions were manned by young Congolese who had never before seen Brussels, or the world, or other Africans—or, in many cases, each other. The effect was electric. Within days of the exposition's closing that October, the Congo's first two political parties were born: the Socialist O.P.C.O. and the Mouvement National Congolais.

'Without Fatal Delay'

With almost as many officers as members, neither was much of a party at the time. But that December, an Agence France-Presse correspondent in Léopoldville asked an M.N.C. official named Patrice Lumumba why he didn't go to the Pan-African Congress in Accra. Lumumba at once took off for Ghana, where he caught the attention of Kwame Nkrumah and grandly pledged the Congo's full support for the Ghanaian leader's cherished Pan-African federation. He returned to Léopoldville with Nkrumah's blessings and the glowing message that not a single African colony was to remain in bondage after 1960. The January 4 riots broke out a few days later.

On January 13, less than a week after the rioting ended, King Baudouin formally announced that the Congo would be led to independence "without fatal delay . . . but without unconsidered haste." The cabinet promptly backed him, amid universal public acclaim.

It would be unfair to say that the Belgian government was running scared. There had been loud demands for the Congo's independence in Belgium long before the riots started—in the case of the Socialists and left-wing Catholics, quite a while before the Congolese had demanded it themselves; and the advisory group dispatched to the colony the previous summer by Premier Gaston Eyskens had already drawn up proposals along similar lines. The king's proclamation, indeed, did no more than say what many Belgians had long been thinking—leaving unsaid the decisive words on which they could not agree.

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The real question wasn't whether to grant independence, but when. On this there could be no single answer that would satisfy a weak and divided cabinet, quarrelsome left- and right-wing Catholic factions, a Socialist opposition representing forty per cent of the electorate, an autonomous colonial civil service, and a financial complex (the Société Générale) with nearly $2 billion invested in the colony under discussion.

How much delay should be deemed "fatal"—and how much haste "unconsidered"? The king had set no time limits in his speech. Neither, except for the preliminary stages (communal elections in the Congo by December, 1959, provincial elections by the following March), had the cabinet. The public at large, with an uneasy eye on Algeria, would have been pleased to get it all over with as soon as possible. The Socialists thought it might be done safely in two years. Those in the government found it unsuitable to express any opinion in public at all. But it was known, in the inner circle then deciding the colony's fate, that Minister of the Congo Maurice van Hemelrijck was thinking in terms of three or four years, and the king of four or five, while the cabinet as a whole, along with the Société Générale, the Union Minière, and colonial administrators on the spot, thought even five years weren't enough. The quarrel raged fiercely behind closed doors throughout 1959; and while it did, the preparation of the Congolese for their future responsibilities was left to the Belgian administrators *"sur place."*

With the hindsight we have all acquired now, those who had held out for the longest gestation period would seem to have been the wisest. For nine months following the king's proclamation, van Hemelrijck did his best to give the Congolese an elementary idea of how to run a country. During this period he visited the Congo three times, and in the intervals between bombarded its administrators with instructions and orders, almost all of which were ignored. By September, 1959, he had achieved only one visible result: the promotion, by one grade, of 479 native clerks, porters, and ushers in the civil service.

That September, van Hemelrijck proposed to the cabinet that it make a forthright declaration of independence to be granted, in precise stages, within three years. The cabinet turned him down, whereupon he resigned. "It is not the first time since January 13 that divergent

viewpoints have arisen," he wrote in his resignation letter to the king. "My actions as minister have been repeatedly undermined or blocked entirely . . . by a blind [and] paralyzing opposition in Belgium. Thus the benefits of decisions taken have been reduced—really lost—by the slowness of their realization."

The Race for Power

It is hard to estimate how much of this foot dragging was innocent, how much malign. There were certainly a lot of petty functionaries in the Congo who weren't trying to do anything except hang onto their own jobs as long as they could. Others, believing that the natives were several light-years away from a capacity to govern themselves, saw no need to hurry. In the higher echelons of the colonial administration, however, there was another and more calculating objective: to put the day of independence off as long as possible, and to make the continuing presence of the Belgians indispensable to the Congolese when the day finally came.

Had the king's proclamation established fixed dates—almost any dates—for a staged withdrawal, this strong ingredient of disaster might have been at least diluted, and so might another: the race for power that started at once among native leaders in the Congo. If three or four years had been mentioned as an outside limit, many of them would have been privately grateful. There was, in fact, a distinct uneasiness among the delegates to the Congo's first congress of political parties, in April, 1959, when Lumumba offered a motion demanding a "Congolese government" by January, 1961. Though the delegates voted for the motion, they immediately passed another saying that they "absolutely do not consider this a demand for independence." With the date for independence left open, however, no native aspiring to leadership could afford to ask for less than Lumumba did. If anything, they were obliged to ask for more.

By this time, there were quite a few such aspiring leaders. As of January 13, the Congo had had only two political parties, with a third—Joseph Kasavubu's Abako—swiftly changing from a cultural to a political formation. By the following summer, the number had risen to thirty-three. Few if any of them had the time, let alone the experience and knowledge, to organize and instruct a mass membership; there had been no long years of patient struggle here to shape a seasoned nationalist movement like Bourguiba's, say, in Tunisia. With independence promised almost before it was claimed, the overpowering concern of every up-and-coming native politician was to get in on the ground floor.

This, more than anything else, was what prevented the Belgian government from ever getting past the first stage in its planned withdrawal. A free election in towns and villages, followed by another in the provinces, would have sorted the authentic from the bogus among the Congo's proliferating political parties long before they could stake out a claim in an autonomous national government. Few party leaders were willing to risk such a test. The boldest among them therefore announced that they would boycott the communal elections, and demanded instead that a round-table conference be held to fix an immediate date for independence. The Belgians held out until late fall, and then surrendered.

By the time the round-table conference was held in Brussels last January, there was no longer any doubt of what was coming, or any time left to avoid it. Throughout

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the Congo the drums were now beating for independence, the word carrying with it the charm of freedom from everything, including responsibilities. With novice native leaders lacking nothing that Nasser, Nkrumah, or the Czechoslovak consulate in Léopoldville could provide, and not one of them able or willing to preach caution, the push for immediate liberation had reached a point where any further delay might indeed be fatal. Even before the conference opened, Congo Minister Auguste de Schrijver, who had replaced van Hemelrijck, announced that independence would be granted in 1960; after eight days of discussion, the conference fixed the date at June 30.

Blind Confidence

There was no opposition to this decision in Belgium from any source. The conservative interests, who had been stalling so heavily for time only a year before, didn't think that necessary any more: in the circumstances under which independence would be coming, they were reasonably sure that the Belgian presence in the Congo would be urgently needed. On the other hand, those who had previously pressed for early and genuine independence—the Socialists and left-wing Catholics—were apprehensive but resigned; after the appalling waste of one precious year, they had no cause to believe that anything better might have come in three or four. (One can't help wondering what use the Socialists might have made of that precious year, considering how little they did to groom the Congolese for self-government when they themselves were in power between 1954 and 1958.)

Despite vague forebodings in some quarters, no one in Belgium seems to have expected what actually happened in the Congo during its first week of independence. British businessmen in the colony had been so sure of impending trouble that they had chartered private planes well in advance to evacute their personnel; and the fact that thirty-five soldiers in the Force Publique had been court-martialed for political dissidence last spring was known to every important chancellery in the West. The Belgians, however, appear to have been blindly confident in the

Force Publique's discipline and loyalty; and though they were by no means as confident about the Congo's civilian leaders, they weren't hopeless on that score either. Few candidates ran into the Congo's hasty elections without some Belgian campaign funds: the Société Générale is said to have handed out anywhere from $200,000 to $500,000, going from Lumumba down; and in Katanga Province, the Union Minière is known to have divided $100,000 more or less evenly between President Moise Tshombe and his rival Jason Sendwe. This is pretty much standard procedure, of course, in situations like these; and the results obtained indicated, as usual, that native politicians in such situations are more easily rented than bought. This may well be true even for Tshombe, in spite of his ostensibly unswerving loyalty to the Belgians. Though the Union Minière unquestionably encouraged his secessionist predilections, he would probably be no more reliable than the next man should he be offered, say, the leadership of the Congo rather than of Katanga.

HOWEVER venomously Congolese politicians may have turned on Belgium since June 30, they are by no means anxious to be rid of it entirely and forever. Though thirty-five thousand Belgian settlers have left the Congo in the last three months, about forty-five thousand have remained, many on the urging of Congolese leaders; and several hundred others—doctors, teachers, engineers—are already returning at the specific request of one or another of the various incumbent Congolese governments. The natives may not be as grateful as Belgium has expected for the "generous and spontaneous" gift of independence they received, or at least for the manner in which it was given. But they are used to the ways and language of the Belgians, who taught them everything they know of the modern world; and as even the Soviet ambassador remarked on making his recent hurried departure from the Congo, "It would seem that the Congolese are not quite ready for independence after all."

Russia and/or China in Africa

MADELEINE AND MARVIN KALB

AT A TIME when the number of new African states is increasing so rapidly that last month's atlas is out of date, the Soviet Union is stepping up its campaign to win friends and influence future leaders in these newly independent former colonies; and it is not alone. The former colonial powers hope to retain some influence, through continued aid, economic holdings, and a legacy of friendly western-trained leaders. The United States, traditionally anti-colonialist, welcomes the new states with promises of increased aid and opportunities for study.

In this competition the Russians have an advantage: they never had any colonies in Africa. Here they have a far better record than in Asia. People to the East remember that Czarist Russia shared in the spoils of the disintegrating Chinese Empire just as the other great powers did in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; and the Soviet Union showed considerable interest in revolutionary activity in Asia until the emergence of a strong Communist ally in China lightened Russia's burden.

In Africa, independence is so new that many of its leaders have a simple view of a world dominated by two blocs, probably both potentially harmful to the peace of Africa, but the western one more so because

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it includes the colonial powers, their most recent adversaries.

But even within this context, the Soviet Union has problems. Russia is Caucasian, and regardless of what anti-western, anti-imperialist sentiments it proclaims, some of the racial feeling rubs off. Enter China. Equally warm in its wishes, hot in its anti-imperialism, China can point to an experience closer to that of a revolutionary new country faced with tremendous economic problems and almost no industry. And the Chinese are not Caucasian.

The Soft Cell

Clearly, the Soviet Union does not have Africa wholly to itself as a sphere for revolutionary activity. China, aware of its advantages, has been driving propaganda points home throughout Africa, from Algeria to the Union of South Africa and in the newly independent states in between, presenting its own experience as the most revolutionary example for all young nations, whether in Asia, Latin America, or Africa, to follow.

But, at the moment, the Soviet Union, with more influence, money, and spare manpower to serve as technicians or political advisers, is in a position to do more than propagandize in these countries. And Soviet objectives in Africa are bound to be less revolutionary than China's. According to a major article in *Pravda* for August 26, the Soviet Union has no objections to "bourgeois political statesmen" heading the new states of Asia and Africa. Indeed, it considers such leaders and the sections of the "bourgeoisie" they represent as "progressive" forces in the "anti-imperialist struggle." *Pravda* drives home its point by criticizing bitterly as "doctrinaires and leftists" those who "fail to understand this" and who "forget that there are no 'pure' revolutionary processes."

The current Soviet aim in these countries is not to foment Communist revolution, not to search for "pure revolutionary processes" (i.e., revolutionary proletarian movements) where none exists. The aim is to encourage "natural" processes. For the moment this means drawing these new countries out of the western economic and political sphere: to deny the West trade, access to Africa's wealth of diamonds, copper, tin; to deny the West allies, bases, support in the United Nations; and, most important, to deny the West access to Africa's greatest wealth—its young people, lacking only the training to go ahead and develop their young countries. Moscow is out to train and impress these future leaders, with such projects as Friendship University, which will give five hundred Africans and Asians each year a four-year college education here in Moscow—free.

The Soviet Union wants sympathetic neutrals who lean toward the Soviet Union. For this purpose, cordial state-to-state relations with the Asian and African countries are far more valuable than the militant revolutionary activity of a local Communist Party might be. And the policy of economic aid and "peaceful coexistence" that *Pravda* defends against its "doctrinaire" and "sectarian" critics is designed to keep these relations cordial.

THIS IS NOT to say that Moscow is oblivious to the implications of internal political developments in the new African countries. The Soviet Union supports the Lumumbas against the Kasavubus for several reasons: not only because they are more anti-western and more leftist in their foreign-policy leanings, but also because these people favor a tight, centralized form of government under their own personal control, rather than a loose federal system with a good deal of local autonomy, and a form of checks and balances controlling the central government. A centralized government has always been more closely associated with radical policies, in terms of land reform and nationalization of foreign mining and industrial holdings.

Perhaps most important from the Soviet point of view, a personal and centralized government is a better avenue for infiltration and influence by a few strategically placed advisers. If their advice is taken by a Lumumba, for example, it becomes policy for the whole country. Central control of press, radio, police, economic planning—here is a situation congenial to Moscow. The Russians are familiar with how to work a centralized system and how to manipulate it for the greatest political advantage.

From a propaganda point of view, the Soviet government has taken a position of heads I win, tails you lose. Where colonies still exist, the Russians can inveigh against continuing imperialism. Where former colonies have achieved political independence, they can press for "economic independence." Where independence is granted after a struggle, they can claim credit for helping the struggle, and commemorate the martyrs. Even where independence has been granted freely or almost freely—in organized fashion, as in the British Commonwealth, or haphazardly, without enough preparation, indeed without any preparation, as in the Belgian Congo—they can point to anything that goes wrong as the fault of the departed colonial power. Trained administrators and economic development are lacking because the imperialists wanted to keep the people down and exploit the natural resources of the country for their own benefit. Tribal fighting and political instability were obviously fomented by the remaining imperialist economic interests, anxious not to lose the last vestiges of their once vast economic empires, as in Katanga. Even disease, flood, or the course of an unmanageable river can be traced to the willful negligence of the imperialists. Even the good things—medical and educational facilities, ports, roads, communication networks, and whatever trained civil service exists—were the results of selfish actions, designed to extract the maximum profit out of the area for the imperialists.

THUS, AS IN ASIA, everything that goes wrong in Africa for the next few decades can be blamed on the former rulers, whether justly or unjustly. This kind of emotional blame-placing will always win applause among newly freed nationalistic peoples with plenty of real grievances and injustices to remember and vast problems to face.

From this skillfully woven pattern of half-truths emerges the image of a friendly great power that offers sympathy and practical help, and seems to demand nothing.

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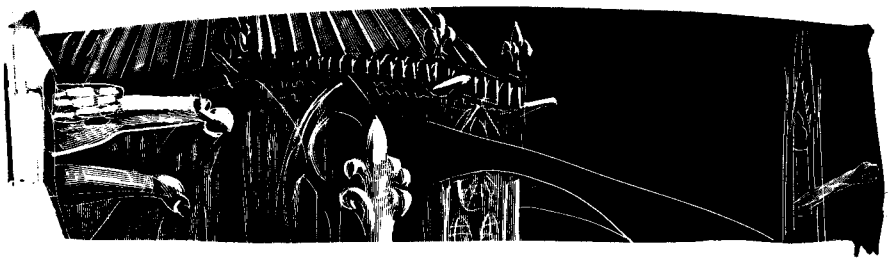

The Protestant Issue

DOUGLASS CATER

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, author, lecturer, and minister of the Marble Collegiate Church of New York, has explained that he didn't really know what he was getting into when he attended a meeting held in Washington by the National Conference of Citizens for Religious Freedom (and, more particularly *against* John F. Kennedy). In a letter to members of his congregation, Dr. Peale did concede that he had presided over the morning session but claimed that he "left at the conclusion of the afternoon session." He had not meant to get involved in the political campaign.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Peale did not depart at the conclusion of the afternoon session but stayed around to preside over the press conference that followed. With two other participants, he answered reporters' questions for the better part of an hour, shrugging off a question about Nixon's Quakerism ("I don't know that he ever let it bother him") but raising fundamental doubts about Kennedy's Catholicism. (Could Kennedy say or do anything to meet his objection? "Not unless he renounces his church's doctrines," said the good Dr. Peale, eyes twinkling, "and this would risk his immortal soul.")

Dr. Peale's claim to vagueness about the auspices of the Conference cannot be questioned. It had been pretty much a prepackaged affair. Press releases had been prepared in advance by its organizer, the Reverend Donald Gill, a young clergyman on leave from the National Association of Evangelicals. Gill argued that it had resulted from a "grass-roots swell" after the Democratic convention. But except for giving out a list of the speeches, he was mum about who came and who paid for the show.

The strategy behind the Conference was not difficult to detect. Even as the press was busily probing remote areas of the South to turn up signs of religious unrest over the possibility of having a Catholic in the White House, here was a group of prominent Protestants from all over the nation—only two of the speakers were identified as Southerners—gathered in the nation's capital to take the religious issue, as Dr. Peale put it, away from "the ranters and the demagogues."

Pastoral Guidance

The frank expression of religious prejudice has by and large gone out of style in this country since Al Smith ran for President. But perhaps even more conspicuous this time than in 1928 are the numerous organized forces that decry bigotry and protest a desire to intellectualize the problem but reach the same negative conclusion about the Democratic candidate.

Dr. Peale's unhappy undertaking provides a good picture of some of these forces. The Conference of Citizens for Religious Freedom was, in the vernacular of business, spun off from several larger Protestant organizations. Indeed, the prime reason for creating this new organization for the duration of the campaign may have been a provision of the U.S. tax code which specifies that in order to maintain tax-deductible privileges an organization must not "intervene in (including the publishing or distributing of statements) any political campaign on behalf of any candidate for public office." Among the blessings that accrue from the separation of church and state, tax exemption is surely one that the more permanent organizations would not wish to lose.

The chief impetus for the Conference came from leaders in the National Association of Evangelicals. It seems that one of N.A.E.'s founders, J. Elwin Wright, a seventy-year-old retired preacher and real-estate dealer, had a talk not long ago with the Reverend Mr. Gill, who serves in N.A.E.'s Public Affairs office, and Gill promptly took a leave of absence to set things in motion. Dr. Harold John Ockenga, who appeared with Peale at the press conference, is a former president of N.A.E., and there were others present from its upper echelons.

DR. OCKENGA is the pastor of Boston's Park Street Church, adjacent to the Common, which is familiarly known among that city's clergy as "Fire and Brimstone Corner." N.A.E. spokesmen have attained great popularity along the revival circuit and on the radio gospel hours. Billy Graham got his start under N.A.E. sponsorship. Judging from the pronouncements of its leaders, there is only a faint distinction between religious and political conservatism. The N.A.E. publication, *United Evangelical Action,* has attacked Protestant groups of whom it disapproves nearly as relentlessly as it has the Catholics. The older and larger National Council of the Churches of Christ, which has attracted the allegiance of such respected laymen as Charles P. Taft and John Foster Dulles, represents to N.A.E. leaders all the worst excesses of liberal theology and the social gospel. *Action* has also denounced the New Deal, the godless public-school system, the Communist fifth column in government, the atheistic UNESCO, and the "subtle machinations of World Jewry" in the United Nations. It has supported the Bricker amendment and expressed, after a year of the Eisenhower administration, gratitude for the "turn toward the Right in American politics."

N.A.E.'s aversion to Catholicism

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has been of long duration. But it is important to note also that its leaders hardly approach this year's election with an entirely open-minded attitude toward the Democratic nominee's political philosophy.

ANOTHER organization involved in this enterprise now disavowed by Dr. Peale was Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State (known in abbreviation as P.O.A.U.). Its two permanent staff directors as well as several other officers attended the Washington meeting. P.O.A.U. cannot be dismissed simply as an election-year manifestation. It came into existence thirteen years ago when a number of outstanding Protestant leaders felt deep concern about the growing complexity of church-government relationships in the era of the welfare state. Liberal churchmen like Dr. John A. Mackay, president of Princeton Theological Seminary, and Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam served as officers, because they wished to draw a line against both Catholic and Protestant violations of the kind of separation that seemed to them necessary for the well-being of both church and state.

Helped by generous financial contributions, P.O.A.U. has grown rapidly into an organization of more than a hundred thousand members. It owns its own building in Washington and has nearly $500,000 in capital assets. P.O.A.U.'s income last year amounted to $320,000, and its program cost $232,000. The P.O.A.U. monthly, *Church and State,* has a circulation of 110,000, and vast quantities of pamphlets are distributed by its publication department.

Along with the growth, some longtime supporters sadly report, there has been a narrowing of purpose. In 1958, P.O.A.U. Executive Director Glenn L. Archer protested to Secretary of State Dulles that participation of American cardinals in the election of the new Pope would invalidate their citizenship. That same year, when P.O.A.U. published a list of "Questions for a Catholic Candidate," its research director, Stanley Lichtenstein, resigned after nine years of service, protesting that the organization's "current course . . . actually tends to undermine the Constitutional principle which the organization professes to uphold."

The responsibility for this trend lies chiefly with the organization's professional staff, who seem to feel that their careers in this rather specialized field can best be advanced by picking fights in public.

An example of this lust for controversy occurred last June when Democratic Party Chairman Paul Butler, a Catholic, gave a rather wordy response at a National Press Club luncheon to the question whether many Catholics would vote Republican if Kennedy were denied the nomination because of his religion. Butler, while emphasizing his personal objections to bloc voting, admitted that such a situation could develop. He added that there would be much less Catholic bloc voting for Kennedy if he *did* get the nomination. It was perhaps an unwise response but certainly not a sinister one.

The next day Archer, the P.O.A.U. executive director, sent a telegram to Charles P. Taft, head of the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, asking for "vigorous condemnation" of Butler for "the deliberate injection of religious prejudice into the cam-

paign." Taft, after reviewing a transcript of Butler's remarks, reached the conclusion that the party chairman was "neither making nor reporting a threat to form a Catholic voting bloc." But the September issue of *Church and State* renewed the attack on "Paul Butler's use of a 'Catholic bloc' threat to force Senator Kennedy's nomination" and accused Taft of turning fair play into "a one-way street."

THERE has been criticism of this sort of activity from some of P.O.A.U.'s own members and supporters, and on September 1, a special bulletin was issued urging all chapter officers to make no statements without receiving approval of the national headquarters. The bulletin stated flatly, "Our groups may not indulge in any political activity whatsoever." Three days earlier, however, Archer had addressed a Baptist assembly in North Carolina on the topic "Should a Catholic Be Elected President?" As reported by the Baptist News Service, he declared, "1960 may well be a year of decision for church-state separation. If we vote to maintain it we advance the dream of our forefathers; if we vote to change or weaken it, we betray our heritage." No one needed to ask him how to vote.

The Southern Baptists

The Washington meeting presided over by Dr. Peale was also graced by the presence of several leaders in the Southern Baptist Convention, an organization that boasts a membership of nine million. Of all the major Protestant denominations, Baptists have clung most fiercely to the ideal of the individual church and the individual conscience, denouncing the dictatorship of all hierarchies whether Roman Catholic or Episcopalian. Because each Baptist preacher is beholden to his local congregation for job and pay, he can be thrown out overnight if he defies his membership's notion of a proper Christian ministry. Just as unsubtly, he can be rewarded when he goes along with popular sentiment. The Baptist faith has both the advantages and disadvantages of popular government in which a determined minority frequently runs things. Some of the most vocal anti-Kennedy sentiment among the preachers, as Baptists themselves have wryly pointed out, can be traced to die-hard and wealthy brethren among their congregations.

Southern Baptist political behavior has also been affected by the fact that a religion opposed to hierarchies has nonetheless become a vast temporal institution that controls multi-million-dollar foundations, venerable universities, and a communication system complete with wire service, newspapers, and radio-television facilities. The mere accumulation of these worldly goods has produced a kind of Baptist hierarchy. The power structure is complex and shifting, but it exists.

Some of the organizational activities within the Southern Baptist Convention itself have encouraged

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among its members a more broad-minded approach to the world, and particularly to the racial segregation existing in their midst. But the uses of organizational power can also be exemplified by the letter Senator Lyndon Johnson received from Paul M. Stevens, a constituent in Fort Worth, who declared, "I have always voted Democratic, as my father did before me, but I plan to use the considerable facilities at my disposal to defeat the Democratic ticket in November." In reply, Johnson asked, "By 'considerable facilities' do you mean the Southern Baptist Convention Radio and Television Commission which you head? It is my understanding that no Baptist ever tries to speak for another . . . no head of a Baptist agency ever tries to use that agency as a channel for his own political views."

Other Baptists in positions of power have been no more circumspect. Dr. Ramsey Pollard, president of the Southern Baptists, has come out flatly against Kennedy. A number of state Baptist publications are waging vigorous editorial campaigns to defeat him. According to one observer, Baptist preachers are using their pulpits to express political views more openly than in 1928.

The effect will no doubt be considerable. One political expert in Texas estimates that 2,500 to 3,000 of the 3,500 Southern Baptist preachers in that state will actively oppose the Democratic nominee. The president of a border-state Baptist university predicts that ninety-five per cent of all Baptist preachers will be in opposition.

THE ORGANIZED intensity of the anti-Catholic crusade has come as a surprise to Democratic leaders. Even after the West Virginia primary, Senator Kennedy did not seem to realize the complexity of the issue. Rather belatedly, James Wine, formerly a high official of the National Council of Churches, has been brought to the National Democratic Committee to set up an office for dealing with the day-to-day problems encountered in the campaign. By his meeting with the Houston ministers, Kennedy hoped to make clear once and for all that his ideas on church-state relations are as one hundred per cent American as theirs.

Despite the many protestations by Republican leaders that religion should not play a part in the campaign, there have been a number of signs that the issue is not being resisted very vigorously. A Kentucky minister who had been circulating a phony anti-Papist quotation from Jefferson later appeared in Washington to confer with G.O.P. Chairman Thruston Morton, although, they claimed, on a different subject. In Dallas, a Protestant minister attended a meeting called by a second Protestant minister who reportedly said that political leaders favoring Nixon had advised him "how the religious issue could best be used." In Connecticut, a young man visiting Republican campaign headquarters claims he was given P.O.A.U. literature about Kennedy. So far Republican leaders have failed to track down and denounce such deviations. It is difficult to see how they can be stopped merely by Nixon's pious suggestion that the two candidates declare a moratorium on discussion of the subject. As Chairman Morton has explained: "I am a practical politician. I want all the votes I can get."

Where Blake Smith Stands

But perhaps the gravest dilemma of all remains for the troubled Protestant leaders. For they must weigh their fears about the possibility of future Catholic intervention in the political affairs of the nation against more immediate dangers that may result from Protestant intervention in the campaign.

During a recent campaign tour of Texas, Senator Johnson told reporters that he would attach great importance to the position taken by Dr. Blake Smith, an influential Baptist preacher in Austin. "I don't know where Blake Smith stands," Johnson commented, "but if he's against us, God help us."

It happened that the very next morning Dr. Smith delivered a sermon on "Religion and the Presidency." Though he had not made up his mind which way he would vote, he told his congregation, he had made it up very clearly on the issue confronting all Protestants. "A few months ago this campaign gave promise of being the most stimulating and enlightening forum on public issues that this nation has ever experienced," Smith declared. "Now it threatens to degenerate into a hassle over a religious controversy that has been with us since the beginning and shall remain unchanged no matter who is elected . . . This fear to which we are giving way is unworthy of the church. It can do incalculable damage. It could lead to hate, suspicion, and discord. The nation has a right to expect something better than that from us."

Hopefully, Dr. Smith represents not only a less confused but a more persuasive voice of American Protestantism than Dr. Peale.

The Clergy Faces Mr. Kennedy

THE REV. JOHN W. TURNBULL

AUSTIN

IN A CONVERSATION with me just after Senator Kennedy's appearance before the Greater Houston Ministerial Association on September 12, a reporter asked if it did not seem that the audience had been a little cool in its response to him.

It had not seemed so to me; on the contrary, I felt that Mr. Kennedy had evoked a remarkably friendly, sympathetic, even enthusiastic response. His arrival in the room was greeted by standing applause; his answers to several questions were warmly applauded and even cheered not only by the gallery but also by the brethren; when he had finished, he received something approaching an ovation and could hardly get out of the room for the swarm of ministers who crowded around him eager to see him up close, to shake his hand, to speak a word of encouragement. On my own way out, I encountered two little old ladies who had somehow made their way through the welter of communications equipment into the visitors' section of the hot, crowded, glaring

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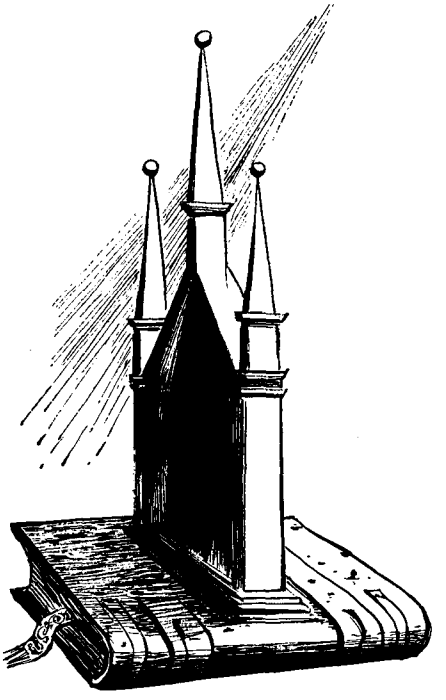
room where the question-and-answer session was held. One of them asked me if, my, didn't I think he was a fine young man and hadn't he answered all those questions wonderfully well. I replied that, my, yes, I did indeed, and I felt a glow of appreciation and pride for the instinct for decency and fair play which is an ineradicable (I hope) dimension of the American spirit.

Yet unquestionably, on second thought, there had been a strange feeling of tension, uncertainty, perhaps hostility in the air during the session. Doubtless it had many forms and stemmed from as many roots. Some of it certainly arose from that small contingent present of men whose ill-concealed hatred of the Roman Catholic Church had made alliance with political passion to produce a frightening syndrome of fear, malice, and carefully nurtured Know-Nothingism which could not but make itself felt in the group at large. One such person had copies of an unspeakably malicious anti-Catholic pamphlet available in the lobby, and he would not tell you his name because he was afraid you might be a reporter. But men of that stripe were a tiny minority, even though, as such minorities always do, they managed to cast a very long shadow over the proceedings.

THE PECULIAR ATMOSPHERE of the gathering was probably due in much larger part to the ambivalence and embarrassment that every sensitive Protestant minister present must have felt somewhere in his being. Several times Senator Kennedy expressed his gratitude for the opportunity to discuss his convictions with us, and his gratitude gave every evidence of being genuine. But most of us were not so sure that we ought to be grateful for the occasion. Too many uncomfortable thoughts assailed us. The meeting had many of the earmarks of an inquisition, and we always thought we were against inquisitions.

It was a strange kind of politico-religious event to be under the sponsorship of men who on the whole believe that "religion and politics don't mix." (The meeting was dutifully opened and closed with prayer, and it may be worth noting for the record that the importunate clergy who clamored around the senator at the end did not lift their siege when the benediction was announced; Mr. Kennedy was the one who had to detach himself and stand in reverent silence so that the meeting could be brought to order again.)

It was, in some measure at least, a mountain-out-of-a-molehill affair. Nearly everyone must have felt a little ill at ease for occupying the senator's and the nation's time and energy on this matter when, as he himself eloquently reminded us, the "far more critical issues" of this campaign and election are not sectarian ones. We were made newly aware of the perverse genius of American Protestantism for making itself felt



politically chiefly, if not exclusively, when the Catholic Church is in some way the issue, or appears to be.

Inevitably, the privacy of the candidate's personal faith was being invaded, for, despite protestations to the contrary, much of the questioning was calculated to force the senator to abandon either his church or his political aspirations. If we wanted more encyclicals on Catholic political theory or more authoritative pronouncements on the meaning of the ones that already exist, we should have addressed our inquiry to the Pope and not to Senator Kennedy. If we wanted to know how the senator proposed to exercise his duty in the highest office in the land as a loyal son of the Church of Rome, we should have been prepared to let his oft-repeated words and his record in political life speak for themselves. Clearly we had no business trying to worm out of him an admission that he could not in conscience meet the demands of both the office he seeks and the church to which he is faithful. He had already given us a clear, forceful, and very full exposition of the state of his conscience on that matter, and if further scrutiny of his conscience had any place at all it would be in the confessional and not on a public platform. Yet we in inviting him, and the senator in accepting, had willy-nilly lifted almost the last veil which protects a man's inmost being from dissection by the general public.

We had the feeling that we were putting the senator in a damned-if-he-did-and-damned-if-he-didn't kind of position. On the one hand he was required to affirm again and again his independence of the Vatican in political affairs, and on the other he was asked to solicit approval for his position from that very source.

In sum, if the meeting was, as the reporter thought, a little "cool," it may be that we were not so much cool toward Mr. Kennedy as a little chilled in our own hearts at the contemplation of what we had wrought. The chairman of the meeting had felt obliged to remind us before the senator arrived that we ought to conduct ourselves as gentlemen, and a laywoman had enjoined us by telegram to remember that our Lord Jesus Christ would also be present and involved in the evening's proceedings. Who could not be ashamed at the necessity for such counsel? It was as if we were not leaders of men and followers of Him who had commanded us to love one another, but unruly children whose father had to warn them to behave themselves because an important guest was coming for dinner.

WAS IT REALLY the young senator from Massachusetts who was on trial, or was it we? Might not the world see with alarming clarity the contrast between his unfailing patience, dignity, honesty, intelligence, and courtesy, and our own bumbling, strident, and often hopelessly irrele-

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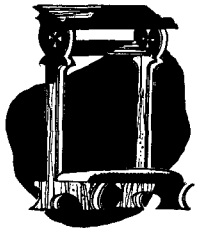
vant interrogation? That grace and gentility which we like to think of as typical of the American, yes even of the Christian spirit—might the world not see a good deal more of that in his face than in ours, as these faces passed across the television screens? And then what would the world say of us who represent ourselves as men of God? Most shattering of all, perhaps, *whose* loyalty to the Constitution which separates church and state and forbids religious tests for public office was really open to question in these proceedings—his or ours?

Fear and profound embarrassment of mind and spirit stemming from the clamor of such anxious questions as these surely accounted for some of that aura of tension which some seem to have detected: our suspicion perhaps was not really so much of the senator as of ourselves.

A distinguished Roman Catholic layman suggested after the meeting that it would go down in history as a milestone in American political and religious history. Certainly its



significance, at least for American Protestantism, transcends the merely immediate. And when history comes to pass its verdict on the event, will it judge that we Protestants acquitted ourselves as faithful, honorable, and intelligent men?

It is an insight very close to the heart of the Christian understanding that whenever one man undertakes to judge another, he who judges puts himself, along with him who is judged, under a judgment which stands far above both. We could not but realize, even if only somewhere in the remote recesses of our consciousness, that some deep and serious questions were being asked of us as well as of the candidate. It became increasingly clear that he was equal both intellectually and personally to whatever questions were asked of him. If we were not a very happy audience, it was perhaps because we were not sure that the same could be said of ourselves.

How Will the Negroes Vote?

JAMES Q. WILSON

Among those voting blocs whose presumed existence is central to the thinking of most politicians, the Negroes are one of the largest and, this year, one of the least predictable. In the last generation, it is clear, American Negroes have shifted their basic political allegiance from the party of Abraham Lincoln to the party of Franklin Roosevelt. But in the Northern industrial cities where it is often of crucial importance, Negro support of the national Democratic ticket declined markedly between 1952 and 1956. In Harlem, the two major all-Negro political areas (Assembly Districts 11 and 12) voted more than eighty per cent for Stevenson in 1952, but only sixty-six per cent in 1956. On Chicago's South Side, the decline in Wards 2, 3, and 20 was from about seventy-five per cent for Stevenson in 1952 to less than sixty-five per cent in 1956. In Detroit and Los Angeles the decline was less, but still noticeable.

These figures from a few districts where nearly all the voters are Negroes do not, of course, tell the whole story. Since 1950, there has been a considerable movement of Negroes out of the older, lower-income areas in the center of the cities and into newer and less crowded areas on the fringes. Representative Adam Clayton Powell's Harlem Congressional district lost 11.6 per cent of its population (nearly 39,000 people) between 1950 and 1960, according to early census results. Comparable losses are expected for Representative William L. Dawson's district in Chicago. When Negroes constitute only a part of a larger political unit, their voting habits cannot be determined simply by examining the published returns. But there is reason to suppose that the loss of Negro votes suffered by the Democratic Party in these fringe areas has been even greater than in the all-Negro districts. For one thing, the people who have moved out of the older sections have included large numbers of the emerging Negro middle class, which is increasing rapidly. Between 1950 and 1957, the number of Negro families in Chicago with incomes of $6,000 a year or more increased fivefold. As Northern Negro communities grow in size and diversity, we may expect those differences in class, status, and opinion which produce the closely divided electorate of the nation as a whole.

Certainly, returns from scattered precincts in middle-class Negro areas outside the older Negro wards provide little reassurance for Democratic leaders. Between 1952 and 1956, the Democratic Presidential vote in such areas in Chicago fell from seventy to fifty-one per cent, a much greater decline than occurred in Dawson's substantially all-Negro wards.

Such shrewd politicians as J. Raymond Jones in Harlem foresee a further drop in the Democratic vote among all Negroes this year. "There's been a steady downturn," he said recently, "and I doubt very much that the curve can be turned up in 1960. I feel that it will go even lower."

Why Are They Disaffected?

Among the many explanations put forward to account for this decline, the matter of civil rights naturally occupies a prominent position. Many Negro leaders are convinced that the recent special session of Congress was a fiasco for the Democrats. Even those Negroes who are willing to concede privately that additional civil-rights legislation could not reasonably be expected from such a session are nevertheless amazed at what they consider the ineptitude of the Democratic leadership in scheduling a session which (at least in hindsight) offered the Republicans such an opportunity to embarrass the Democrats with dramatic demands for impossible legislation.

To be sure, civil-rights leaders usually exaggerate the effect of such events on the average Negro voter. Take the case of the Roosevelt campaign of 1944: after agreeing to the then obscure Missourian Harry Truman for Vice-President in place

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of Henry Wallace, who was very popular among Negroes; after hedging in his support for the Fair Employment Practices Commission; after failing to end segregation in the armed forces—after all this, Roosevelt won sixty-five per cent of the votes in the Negro areas of Chicago, a substantial gain over 1940. Furthermore, the Democrats have frequently nominated a Southerner for Vice-President, and none of Senator Johnson's predecessors could boast of having piloted two civil-rights bills through Congress.

ANOTHER explanation for Negro doubts about the Kennedy-Johnson ticket is less frequently mentioned, but some Negro politicians are far more concerned over its significance. It is Senator Kennedy's religion. When Al Smith ran in 1928, Negroes had been overwhelmingly Republican for decades, and the effect of his Catholicism on the Negro vote was probably inconsequential. In 1960 the question could be highly significant.

In a recent conversation between a Negro reporter and a bartender in a popular Harlem restaurant, the bartender announced that although he was an enrolled Democrat, he was going to vote for Nixon. Asked why, the bartender offered a series of halfhearted reasons: Kennedy was too young, he was too inexperienced, he was an unknown quantity. To each objection the reporter offered a rebuttal: Nixon was also young, neither had been responsible for major American policies, Kennedy was running on a strong platform. Finally the bartender said, "I'll tell you why I'm really voting against Kennedy. I'm a Baptist. Do I have to say any more?"

More than two-thirds of those Negroes claiming church membership were affiliated, according to a study published in 1945, with a Negro Baptist church. The proportion may have declined somewhat since then, but it remains high. Most of these Baptist churches are rooted in the rural South and retain a very conservative theology. Negro Baptists, like their white counterparts, often look upon the Catholic Church as a hostile, alien influence filled with immigrants and under the domination of a foreign power. Among many Negro Baptist preachers, an anti-Catholic sermon is part of the stock in trade.

Leaving theology entirely aside, there are other important factors that may contribute to anti-Catholic feeling among Negroes. First, in many Negro communities in large Northern cities, the Roman Catholic Church has been in active competition with established Protestant sects for parishioners. With heavy investments in church, school, and convent property in areas that are changing from white to Negro, the Catholic clergy may well feel an economic as well as a religious motivation for converting Negroes. Negro ministers, faced with such a rival

and burdened with heavy mortgages on their own churches, occasionally feel that they are in competition not only over theologies but over members and Sunday collections as well. Such feelings can only increase their antipathy to the Catholic Church. And in many Negro communities, the minister remains a powerful source of political and civic influence.

Second, in many cities interracial conflict and violence have frequently occurred in neighborhoods where whites have been resisting the entry of Negroes. Particularly in such cities as Chicago and Detroit, such transitional areas have been inhabited by Irish, Italian, or Polish families. To the Negro, these groups have all had two things in common: they opposed the Negro and they were Catholic. Understandably, many Negroes became convinced that the two factors were related.

Finally, Catholicism has been a heated issue for some time in communities where the advancement of Negro politicians has appeared to depend in part on their faith. Rightly or wrongly, many Protestant Negroes in New York and Chicago have felt that their Catholic brothers were given special consideration in nominations for or appointments to higher office. In 1958, when Representative Powell was opposed by Tammany Hall in the Congressional primary, he and his supporters charged that Manhattan Borough President Hulan Jack and other Negro opponents were allied with the Church. At that time, at least four of the six Harlem district leaders were Catholic. In 1959, Powell fought these men and succeeded in defeating three of them, again under conditions that made their religion a specific campaign issue. The only Catholic district leaders in Harlem now are Jack, who survived the Powell attack in 1959 and has now joined Powell's "United Democratic Leadership Team," and J. Raymond Jones, a Powell ally.

NEGRO FEELINGS will be involved in the Catholic question in any case, but how important the issue becomes may depend in part on what Negro leaders themselves do. In August the all-Negro Eastern Baptist Association, composed of 118 Baptist churches in Brooklyn and Long Island, adopted a resolution stating that it would not support "a candidate who failed to adhere to the doctrine of separation of church and state." A spokesman for the organization was quoted in the New York *Amsterdam News* as saying that this resolution meant that the E.B.A. was not endorsing Senator Kennedy because he was a Catholic. He added that although the E.B.A. was not endorsing Nixon, the ministers "have more confidence" in him.

The E.B.A. is a relatively small organization. Of more importance is the Baptist Ministers' Conference of Greater New York, comprising the majority of the Negro Baptist ministers in Harlem and other parts of the city. Two associate ministers from Powell's own Abyssinian Baptist Church are active in the organization. Thus far it has not formally

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raised the religious question in this campaign, and strenuous efforts have been made to keep it from doing so. "The fight is going on right now within that conference," one Negro politician has revealed. "There are a lot of younger ministers who are concerned about this issue. I have been calling them and telling them that raising the religious issue in this campaign would be a real disservice."

The relationship between politics and the ministry in Negro communities is complex. For generations after the Civil War, ministers were the principal leaders in Negro life. Some of them were vigorous and unselfish; others were corrupt and available to the highest bidder. In New York, because of the weakness of the Democratic organization in Harlem and the lack, until recently, of a reasonably united Negro political leadership, the churches have been a powerful political force. Powell, himself a minister, began his political career with his large church as the backbone of his organization. Even today, its staff and Powell's Congressional staff share the same offices, work together on common interests, and enlist volunteers and funds from lay church members for church and political programs. Powell has been able to reach the voters in part by his access to the pulpits of Harlem.

In Chicago, on the other hand, the powerful and united organization of Representative William L. Dawson has worked independently of the ministry. Indeed, Dawson saw as one of his tasks when he entered the Democratic Party in 1939 the elimination of political influence wielded by preachers. Dawson does not depend on the churches for volunteers, funds, or political support; on the contrary, some churches have turned to him from time to time. Political loyalties are created and tapped directly by precinct captains rather than by ministers, and as a result the feelings and needs of the ministers may be less important politically in Chicago than in New York. Interestingly enough, a prominent Negro minister in Chicago has taken the lead in forming an organization to combat religious prejudice. The controversial Dr. J. H. Jackson, whose presidency of the National Baptist Convention is now being disputed in a court case, recently announced the creation of a National Committee of Churchmen Against Religious Discrimination. Jackson, who has been identified with Representative Dawson in Chicago, has strong support within the National Baptist Convention from many rural Southern Negro ministers.

'Don't Ask Me Why'

As always, local factors cannot be separated from the national campaign. In Manhattan, the Democratic Party is torn in at least three and probably more directions: Carmine De Sapio, the county leader, is being challenged by reformers led by Herbert Lehman and Eleanor Roosevelt; Powell, Jones, and other Negro leaders are campaigning to retain the borough presidency for a Negro in the face of what they claim is a De Sapio attempt not only to drop Hulan Jack but to replace him with a white man; and the Negroes and reformers are deeply suspicious of one another and unable to agree even on the question of which group dislikes De Sapio the more. Negro leaders tend to look upon both De Sapio's regular Tammany organization and the reform-led Citizens for Kennedy movement as enemies. Finally, Negro politicians are unhappy that they do not play a greater role in Kennedy's national organization and that Kennedy's Negro advisers are what the politicians describe as nobodies. In this situation, one Negro political leader said he was in no mood to exert a vigorous effort for the national ticket. "We'll do just what we contract for," he said. Any greater effort, he feared, would only strengthen the organization of either De Sapio or the reformers; and the Negro leaders, along with everyone else in Manhattan politics, are frankly looking beyond November to the crucial 1961 primaries in which important local posts will be at stake. It was only on September 19, after much negotiation, that Representative Powell announced his full support of the Kennedy-Johnson ticket. After saying earlier this summer that Kennedy "could not carry the Negro vote" and that he had a "bad civil-rights record for a man from Massachusetts," Powell argued recently that Kennedy's record was far better than Nixon's and that Kennedy would win in Harlem.

IN THE LONG RUN, of course, the 1960 election will probably be seen as indicative of more than simply a manifestation of anti-Catholicism or the impact of local affairs. There are growing signs that many Negroes are becoming restless within the Democratic Party, at least at the national level. The expectations of the Negro in America are rising faster than the major political parties can meet them, and as a result, the Negro who was satisfied with the uneven civil-rights record of Roosevelt or the moderate views of Stevenson is now dissatisfied with even the strongest promises of Senator Kennedy.

It is an open secret among many Negroes that the Reverend Martin Luther King, if he were to speak out on the subject, would probably indicate a preference for Nixon over Kennedy. It is highly unlikely that Dr. King, perhaps the most widely admired Negro leader in America today, would jeopardize his standing by making a partisan endorsement. But his views are known, and many other Negroes seem to agree with him.

The threat frequently heard among Negroes these days, that "the Democrats better not take us for granted," arises not so much out of any strong admiration for Nixon or dislike of Kennedy as out of a deeper and largely inexplicable restlessness and discontent. "I'm going to vote for Nixon," said one. "This will be the first time I've ever voted Republican. Don't ask me why. I don't know. I guess maybe I'm just mad, or tired, or both." This discontent, Democratic strategists hope, will be confined to upper-income and more politically sophisticated Negroes. Mounting unemployment in lower-income Negro areas (estimated to reach as high as fifteen per cent in Chicago) may aid Kennedy significantly in these precincts.

The Negroes' basic allegiance to the Democratic Party has certainly not vanished. They still voted 2-to-1 Democratic in 1956, and that is a healthy margin by any politician's standard. But in a close election, it might not be enough.

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Our Fire Brigade on Okinawa

DENIS WARNER

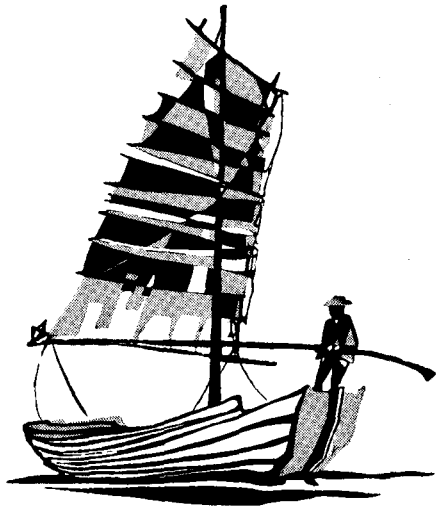
NAHA

IN MANY RESPECTS, Okinawa appears to fulfill the requirements of the ideal foreign military base. Its nuclear capability is not subject to local political veto; its air and ground forces, unfettered by restrictive treaty obligations, are well placed to fill the role of a regional "fire brigade" in the event of a brushfire war; there is no time limit on American occupancy, which, as Washington has made clear in frequent statements in the past, is scheduled to continue "so long as conditions of threat and tension exist in the Far East"; and the touchy question of jurisdiction, which caused trouble in Japan and remains a constant irritant in the Philippines, is automatically taken care of in Article 3 of the peace treaty with Japan, which stipulates that the United States has the right "to exercise all and any powers of administration, legislation, and jurisdiction" over the Ryukyus.

Within range of the sleek fighter-bombers at Kaneda Airbase are the densely populated coastal areas of central China, the Communists' air switch point at Shanghai, and the build-up areas opposite Formosa on the Fukien coast. Within range of the Mace intermediate ballistic missile, destined, according to Washington reports, for installation here, are Peking, Mukden, Pyongyang, and Vladivostok, the concentration area of Sino-Soviet Far Eastern air, sea, and land military strength from which any attack from the Far East against the United States might be expected to come.

During the Korean War, Okinawa's two airfields provided a secure base for B-29 operations in support of the United Nations forces. Impressed by this experience, the United States, which had wrested the island from Japan at a cost of forty-nine thousand casualties in the last great battle of the Second World War, spent a billion dollars turning it into its major base in the Western Pacific.

Everywhere the island reflects American technical skill and investment. Naha, the capital, which was once knocked flat by American bombers, has been rebuilt into a prosperous city of 218,000 inhabitants. A four-lane concrete highway runs between Naha's two deep-water ports and Kaneda, the principal military airfield. Typhoon-resistant installations and homes for approximately fifty thousand American



servicemen and their thirteen thousand dependents have sprung up among the vegetable fields.

Thanks to American medical aid, the life expectancy of Okinawans has increased by twenty years, while infant mortality has declined by eighty per cent. Classrooms have more than doubled and now have room for all but seven per cent of the children of school age. The base gives direct and indirect employment to fifty thousand workers, and the per capita income has climbed steadily to $282 a year. In short, the Okinawans have never been better off, and may never be as well off again if the Americans ever move out, since the current trade gap of $60 million a year is neatly covered by expenditure on military services.

It does not follow, though, that Okinawa is secure, either militarily or politically. The balance of conventional power in the Far East has changed so rapidly in the past few years that Okinawa could never hope to enjoy immunity again if it were involved in another limited war of the Korean type. Korea marked the birth of the Chinese Communist Air Force, which, still in its infancy when hostilities ended, played a purely defensive role behind its Yalu River bases. Today China has an air force of 3,200 planes, including 1,600 jet fighters and 300 light jet bombers. North Korea has 300 jet fighters and 100 jet bombers, and reinforcing both is the Soviet Far East Air Force with 2,600 jet fighters and 600 jet bombers.

Against this, and including the Seventh Fleet's planes, the United States and its regional allies in the Far Eastern area muster fewer than 2,000 operational jet aircraft. Even on the not fully warranted assumption that any further Communist adventures are likely to be primarily Chinese, with the Soviet Union standing technically aloof, the Communists have an air edge that might not prove decisive but that would certainly raise formidable problems in the operation of the Okinawa airbase. The installation of the Nike-Hercules and the Hawk ground-to-air missiles compensates somewhat for this new air inferiority: but since there are no islands to the westward on which to establish listening posts closer to the Chinese mainland, and the island's two airfields are close together, Okinawa's vulnerability in a brushfire war must be considered fairly high.

As for nuclear war, it is pertinent that Khrushchev revealed two years ago that Soviet military aid to China included rockets, the deployment of which would logically be dictated by the location of American bases such as Okinawa. Added to this is the menace of the growing Soviet Far Eastern fleet of submarines and the capability it undoubtedly possesses for launching short-range missiles.

How Firm a Foundation?

To the question whether Okinawa has not therefore outlived its usefulness as a base and whether the Seventh Fleet, with its own impressive conventional and nuclear capability, its mobility and its ability to stay at sea almost indefinitely, is not

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capable of taking over its role, the answer here is an emphatic "No." The Third Marine Division and the Marine air wing, both of which are based on Okinawa, are, in fact, integral parts of the Seventh Fleet. Close to the Asian mainland and within easy airlift range of South Korea, Japan, Formosa, and the Philippines, Okinawa provides an essential training depot for these "fire brigade" forces and a degree of freedom to operate that do not exist in combination elsewhere in the region west of the comparatively remote Marianas.

In broader considerations of strategy the value of Okinawa must be measured, so the military argument runs, in its context as part of the world-wide system of American bases. Okinawa is vulnerable, but to some degree every other base around the globe is also vulnerable. And vulnerability alone is an insufficient reason for abandoning a base, since the Soviet's difficulties in eliminating bases are increased almost geometrically as their numbers increase.

The considered judgment, therefore, of the men on the spot is that as a conventional deterrent to curb China's regional ambitions, as a depot and staging camp in the event of a limited war, and as part of the general strategic deterrent against a third world war, Okinawa's contribution to the defense of the United States demands its continued maintenance as a major military base.

The Potsdam Declaration of July 26, 1945, stipulated that Japanese sovereignty would be limited after the war to the four main islands of Honshu, Hokkaido, Kyushu, and Shikoku and such minor islands as might be designated by the victorious powers. This implicit termination of its sovereignty over the Ryukyus, which it had formally annexed in 1879, was accepted by Japan. By the time the peace treaty was signed in 1951, however, Japan's position had changed dramatically from that of defeated enemy to valued ally. It was no longer required to renounce its claims to Okinawa and other islands in the Ryukyus; on the contrary, though the United States remained free to place the islands under a trusteeship with itself as the sole administering authority, Mr. Dulles announced that Japan would retain "residual sovereignty." What began as a generous gesture to a new ally has had unforeseen consequences. The inevitable frictions arising from the maintenance of the base in a small, heavily overpopulated island have had immediate repercussions in Japan, where the concept of "residual sovereignty" is liberally interpreted to mean that the United States should be prodded into relinquishing its control as soon as possible. At the same time, Japanese feeling against nuclear weapons and in favor of neutralism has been immediately reflected here: the clamor to return to Japanese control is insistent and growing in volume.

An Echo Is Heard

To meet this challenge, the U.S. civil administration has made a fourfold response. Though the U.S. High Commissioner retains his right of veto, the Ryukyus have been granted the maximum amount of self-government consistent with effective use of the base, and after the November elections here the chief executive will be elected by the majority party—if there is a majority party—in the twenty-nine-member legislature. During a period when economic aid elsewhere has tended to shrink, the civil administration has convinced Washington of the need for constantly expanding expenditure on Okinawa: economic aid in the fiscal year 1960 was $3 million, or three times as much as the grant for 1959. The civil administration has also abandoned a highly unpopular system of land requisition and is paying out in rentals about $6 million a year. And it has sponsored a community-relations program in which the military has participated actively.

This in no way diminishes the sense of hurt, or the widespread feeling that the Americans are depriving the Okinawans of their rightful place within the Japanese community, infringing Japanese sovereignty, and, by the introduction of nuclear weapons, risking the "annihilation of the entire Okinawan population," a phrase used by the Ryukyuan Assembly three years ago when it unanimously passed a resolution calling for the discontinuance of base construction for atomic weapons. Even such purely defensive weapons as the Nike-Hercules and Hawk missiles, which are intended to deal respectively with high-level and low-level attacks from the air, are vehemently censured by the Okinawans. The test firing of the Nike late last year and early this year brought immediate attacks in both Okinawa and Japan on the propriety of all military sea ranges in the Ryukyus, and the construction of Hawk launching pads resulted in another outcry.

The situation seems to dictate caution, but even the most conciliatory approach does not promise significantly to alter the current trend. Okinawa compresses into 463 square miles a population of 700,000. This makes it about the most densely settled land in the world. Frictions between the military and the civil population in such a situation are self-generating. In any case, the anti-American elements in the community would not hesitate to create "incidents," just as they may be expected now to work for the creation of the devices for exploiting public sentiment that proved so successful in Japan when the Communists, the Zengakuren, and the Sohyo labor federation united in an attempt to sabotage the U.S.-Japanese defense treaty and the Eisenhower visit. Okinawan trade unions are still in their infancy, with a total membership of only slightly more than ten thousand; but of these the largest group of government employees is strongly attracted to Sohyo, though not yet affiliated with it. Already the Okinawa People's Party has begun to put pressure on the approximately thirty thousand senior high-school and university students to affiliate with Zengakuren. Their lack of success so far cannot be interpreted as final failure.

With mass-circulation Japanese newspapers and magazines and even such publications as the Communists' *Akahata* freely available in Okinawa, the propaganda for reunion with Japan and sympathetic reactions to all the predictable left-wing Japanese campaigns to sabotage the defense treaty are certain to be echoed ever more loudly here.

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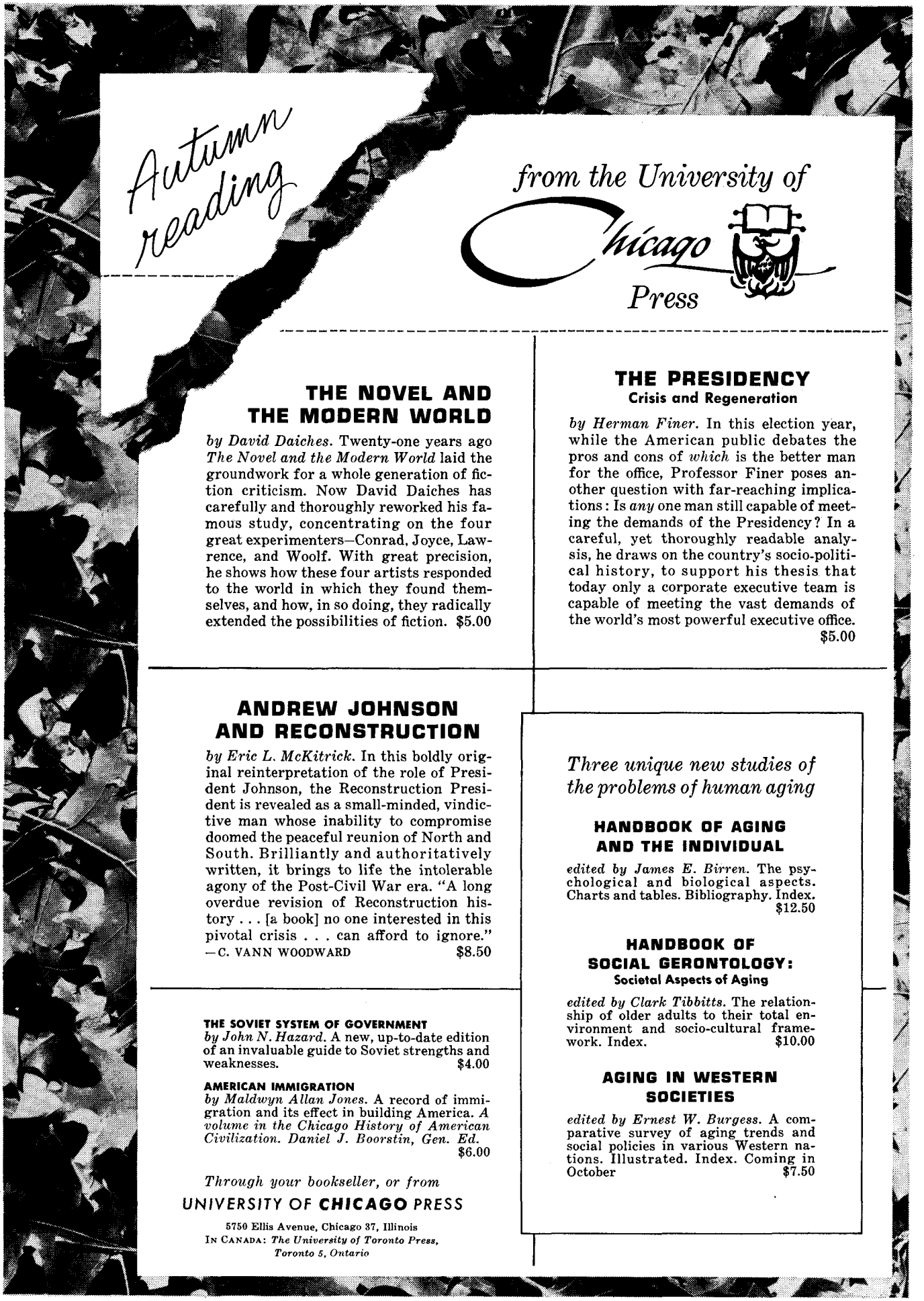

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A Short Story

Something Invented Me

R. C. PHELAN

TOM TRIMBLE and I have been next-door neighbors all our lives, though our houses are six miles apart. We run adjoining ranches in that part of Texas where cedar, prickly pear, and prairie dogs are the chief nuisances and, in a dry year, twenty-five acres of land are needed to support a single cow. When we were boys and our fathers owned the ranches, they were friends, as Tom and I were.

They shared only one thing: the cost of bringing a tutor down from the North each year to teach Tom and me through the winter. One year the tutor stayed at our house, the next year with the Trimbles. The specialties of these young men varied—one was mathematical, one was historical, and several of them were literary.

A ranch is a big and sparsely furnished place, where a boy's imagination gets a hard workout. A good supply of books is much appreciated and used. For a year or two, in our teens, Tom and I agreed that we would very likely become great writers. Our literary tutors encouraged us.

Because riding twelve miles a day on horseback was a bore, I used to stay for weeks at the Trimbles' house when the tutor was there, and the next year Tom would stay with us. We kept in touch with our families over the party-line telephone, receiving instructions and reporting on our behavior. We liked this arrangement all the better since, as host and guest, we could get out of more work than we could alone on the separate ranches.

Sometimes we liked to show off before our elders by discussing learned matters with the tutor in a man-to-man way. Or, if we chose, we could easily show off before *him* by outriding him or speaking border Spanish with the cowhands. Tom and I were completely at home in any level of the ranch society. At sixteen and seventeen we rode high, the masters of every situation. But at eighteen we were sent off to the University of Texas, where we discovered a big, bewildering new world. We went different ways in it, and our friendship melted slowly, like a snowman, keeping its form for a long time but shrinking. Before we were graduated, a wildcatter, drilling three hundred yards south of the Trimbles' dipping vat, brought in a flowing well of oil. To this day no oil has been discovered on my family's land.

TOM AND I joined different services in the war. Returning with our wives, we settled down on the ranches. My father had died of a heart attack in 1944, and my mother was glad to hand over to me the job of managing the ranch.

Events had made Tom's problems simpler than mine. His father had been murdered in a political plot. His mother had allowed every drop of crude oil to be pumped out of the Trimble wells and piped away. There remained only some vast empty spaces far beneath the surface of the ranch, and twenty-three million dollars of oil money in San Angelo banks. There had been twenty-four million, but Tom's mother, a sweet, quiet woman, had returned to Natchez to marry her high-school sweetheart, now a widower in the cotton business. She had taken with her a make-up case containing a million dollars in cash and had left all the rest, along with the ranch, to her son.

But the ranch now had no water. Once the oil wells were pumped out, the water wells had gone dry on their own. Tom merely bought water a hundred miles to the east, and built a pipeline that brought it to his cows and his household plumbing.

On my mother's ranch we had no oil, but we did have water. Our postwar problems were not much different from those of the 1930's. In good years we had money in the bank, and in bad years we owed money to the bank, and either way our mode of life was the same. Small cattlemen live like that.

Tom, with his millions, lived differently. His first wife bore him a daughter, built an addition to the ranch house that was twice as big as the original structure, and divorced him. His second wife, a movie star, added a swimming pool and more guest suites to the house, and adopted three children.

His third wife was a sadly smiling, alcoholic beauty six years older than Tom. She stayed the longest, and while she was there they entertained so elaborately that they needed all the facilities the first two wives had installed, plus more housing for the staff. Tom sent his big plane to New York or Hollywood for weekend guests.

In those years the strongest connection between the two ranches was the old party-line telephone, though it was rarely used. Once or twice a year Tom phoned to invite Anne and me to one of his parties. Once or twice we went, and then we gave up going. We had seen the expendi-

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IN OCTOBER

A FEW PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are Current N. Y. Time)

"Love In America"
Art Carney stars in a satire on various aspects of l'amour Américain.
Sunday, October 2 (9-10 PM)

"The Plausible Impossible"
Walt Disney explores the way fantastic things are made rational in art and literature.
Sunday, October 9 (6:30-7:30 PM)

"Story of Adolph Eichmann"
Dramatization of the life and capture of the notorious Nazi.
Wednesday, October 12 (10-11 PM)

"The Money Raisers"
A documentary on where your money goes when you donate to fund-raising campaigns, on "Closeup."
Thursday, October 13 (10:30-11 PM)

"The Cold Woman"
A study of frigidity; first of a series: "Special For Women."
Friday, October 14 (4-5 PM)

"Yellowstone Bear Country"
Disney films of the life of the black bears in our oldest and largest National Park.
Sunday, October 16 (6:30-7:30 PM)

"All Star Circus"
Video-taped at the famous Cirkus Schumann in Copenhagen, special telecast for children of all ages.
Friday, October 21 (9-10 PM)

"The Right Man"
Garry Moore is host in a historical revue of presidential campaigns told in music, dramatic vignettes and film.
Monday, October 24 (8:30-9:30 PM)

"John Brown's Raid"
Drama of the historic raid, taped on location at Harper's Ferry.
Tuesday, October 25 (10-11 PM)

"Shangri-La"
The James Hilton "Lost Horizon" story. A play with music.
Monday, October 24 (9:30-11 PM)

"The Thinking Machine"
Cybernetics, the relationship between men and machines. First of new series of one-hour special programs, "Tomorrow" on the Age of Technology.
Wednesday, October 26 (10-11 PM)

"Our American Heritage"
Story of young America with Ralph Bellamy as Thomas Jefferson.
Thursday, October 27 (7:30-8:30 PM)

"The Three Musketeers"
First of six two-hour dramatic specials based on the great novels—presented on successive nights in two installments.
Friday, October 28 and
Saturday, October 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays:	CBS Television Workshop College News Conference Ed Newman Reporting Face the Nation Meet the Press Open Hearing The Twentieth Century
Mondays:	Presidential Countdown
Thursdays:	Person to Person
Fridays:	Eyewitness to History
Saturdays:	Campaign Roundup World Wide 60
Mon-Fri:	Continental Classroom

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Consult local papers for times and programming details.*

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ture and had been impressed, and there was nothing else. We were content to sit on our own porch on Sunday evenings and hear, diminished by six miles of Western silence, the throb of engines as planes took off, bearing guests home to Hollywood, New Orleans, or Cuernavaca.

EVENTUALLY the decay of her beauty drove the third wife from drink to madness, and she was shut up in a private institution. The parties stopped; Tom lived alone. He trimmed his staff of cooks, gardeners, pilots, mechanics, and maids, until there remained only a few people to care for him and his cattle. And after about a year of living in this solitude, Tom published a novel.

It was called *Early Noon*, and was a study of a Scottish family on a Peruvian plantation in the 1880's. Many reviewers called it first-rate, and when I read it I agreed with them. It was so thorough, so surely based on a lifetime knowledge of time and place, that it convinced me that Tom was a kind of genius. I wondered if he had got his knowledge from drugged dreams. He was not Scottish and had never been to Peru. He could hardly have bought the novel for cash, as he bought his water, his house, and his guests, because no one who wrote like that would stoop to ghostwriting. I decided that Tom himself had done the work.

One day not long ago my wife called me to the phone. "It's Tom," she said.

"Can you come over?" he asked quietly. His request alarmed me. I understood that he meant *right now*. He had not telephoned in more than a year.

I got into my little plane and, flying low, followed the old horse trail and the telephone line beside it. (It is possible to drive from my ranch to Tom's, but the trip takes more than an hour.) From the air, the wings, pools, terraces, and garages that Tom's wives had added to the original house looked like a jumble of movie sets of different scales and periods. Landing on Tom's big paved strip, I taxied my little plane up to the old house, which turns its back to the recent additions and faces open country.

Tom was sitting on the old front porch, drinking Scotch. We are both thirty-eight now, but he looks younger than that, and younger than I. A rancher looks competent and calm, even in a bad year; being boss gives him that. But Tom had added to his calm the arrogance, the elegance, all the last refinements that money can confer, and had ended up in indifference and boredom. Still he was an impressive sight in

his rancher's clothes and boots and British grooming. His eyes looked tired.

DRINKING, we talked about cattle for a while. We watched a vapor trail that seemed to create itself as an invisibly distant bomber drew it in the sky. When the long white stroke had blurred, Tom asked, "Have you read my book?"

"Yes."

"I didn't write it."

"Who did?"

"Nobody. It's a long story. That's why I asked you to come—I want to tell you."

"You know things have gone badly for me since the war. The ranch doesn't support me; I support it. Guests have come and gone for years, yet often I feel that in all that time I haven't spoken to another person. Laura lives now in a specially created environment, but the world they arrange for her pleasure in the sanitarium is no more artificial than the one I live in.

"I have been bored; tortured with boredom. So I decided to look back over my life until I found an ambition somewhere—or even just a good intention—and pick it up again and carry it out. The best thing I could find was my old resolve to be a writer. Do you remember when we used to talk about it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I bought a typewriter and sat in front of it for weeks. Nothing happened. Or rather, the inevitable happened. Sitting there, empty as a drum, I began to figure out how money could be converted even into talent—or anyway into an imitation of it.

"Do you remember the old theory about putting ten monkeys to work at ten typewriters, just hitting the keys at random? The argument was that if you kept them at it a million years they would write the complete works of Shakespeare. Along with trillions of pages of gibberish, of course. It was a question of mathematical probability—sooner or later, in a million years, one of the monkeys would just *happen* to hit the keys in the sequence that would produce *Hamlet*, and another would do *Lear*, and so on.

"But monkeys are old-fashioned and too slow; now we have electrons. Every time a new calculating machine appears, somebody announces that it can solve in thirty seconds problems that would require seven years of figuring with pencil and paper. Or something like that. And this is possible because the work is done by streams of electrons moving along wires at the speed of light.

"The problem, then, was simple: change the work of the electrons from calculating to typing. In effect, devise an automatic typewriter that would race along, completely out of control, at maybe a million words a minute. With no mind to guide it, the thing would produce staggering mountains of nonsense, but would, by the laws of probability, make sense a tiny fraction of the time."

"And you actually did it," I said.

"Well, I had it done. In New York I found a man to put the machine together—a fellow named David R. Sere. He worked for I.B.M., designing computers. I hired him away from them and brought him here. I outlined the problem to him in New York. He chose the components he thought he would need and rode with them in a freight car all the way to San Angelo. He slept beside

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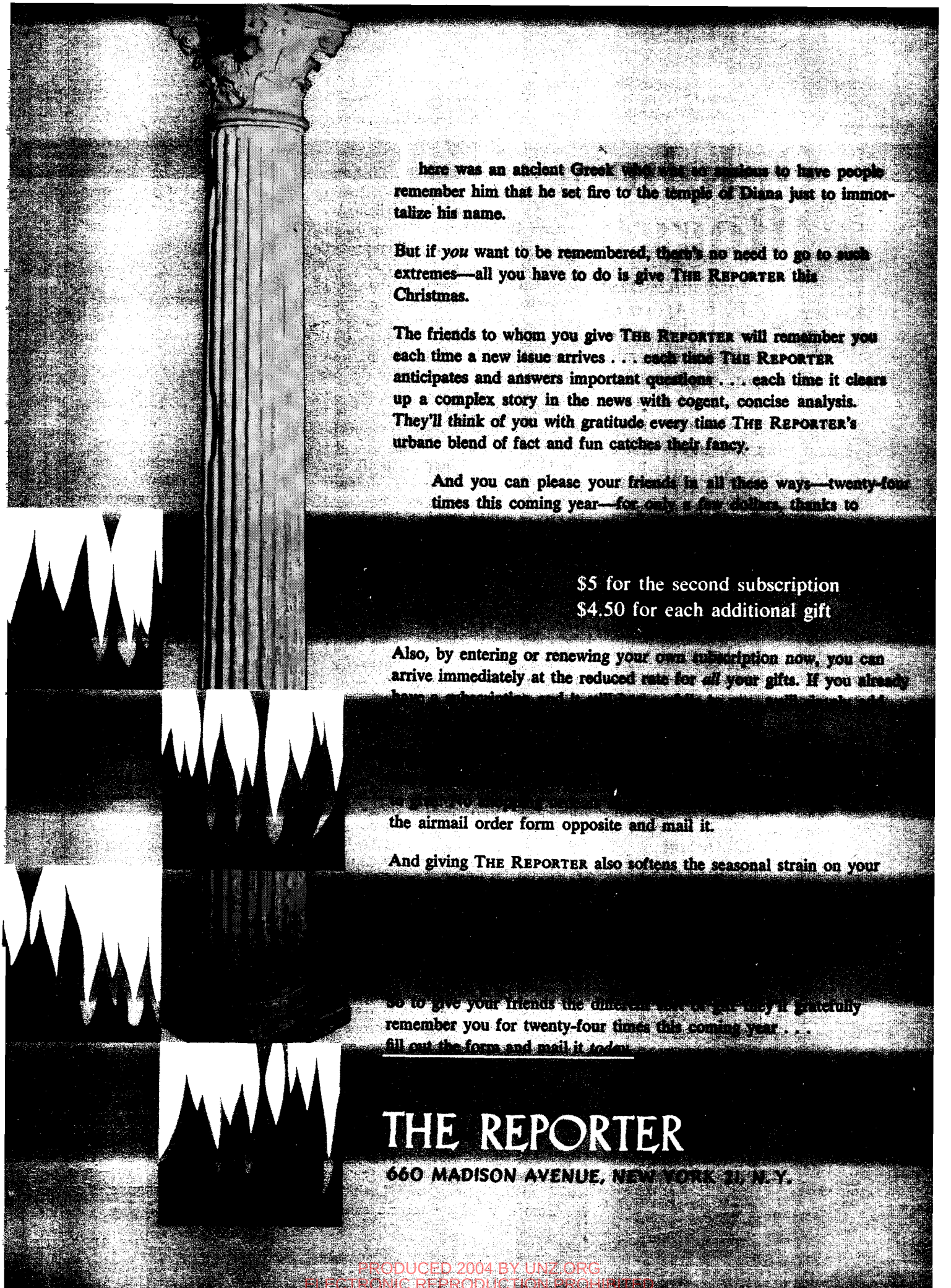

here was an ancient Greek who was so anxious to have people remember him that he set fire to the temple of Diana just to immortalize his name.

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them on a cot, the way a kid sleeps by his bull at the Fat Stock Show."

"Then you have the thing here?"

"Yes. Want to see it?"

He led me through the old house and into a wing that had been built by his second wife, Alicia. We entered the enormous living room. Its curtains were closed; Tom pressed the wall switch and the room was filled with soft, rich light that some decorator had contrived to make women beautiful and parties successful. The furniture had been pushed back to the walls. Tom's machine stretched along the center of the rug like a procession of stunted mechanical elephants, linked trunk to tail. For it consisted of several gray metal cabinets with a minimum of lights and switches and no dials at all, connected by many wires of different colors. I listened but heard no sound.

"Is it working?" I asked.

"Yes."

(Later, bending over it, I heard a hum like that of a forgotten radio whose station has signed off for the night—the very sound of emptiness. It was the only noise the thing made.)

"It's not quite what I expected," I told him. "You know—in cartoons you see big cabinets with rows of lights."

"The problem was different here. See this little one on the end?" It was a box less than three feet high. "It's the smallest unit, but it does the basic work. The other components are simply devices for getting the stuff out to the light of day."

He led me to the little cabinet—the creative one. "This is where electronic impulses, each representing a different word, are mixed at random. Even David Sere doesn't know how fast it works—it may turn out a billion words of mixture an hour, or maybe only a million. It isn't like a typewriter, after all. It makes the mixture from words, not letters.

"We could have put the entire Unabridged Dictionary into its vocabulary, but then we would have gotten back prose with such odd words as "sope," "paktong," and "thirl" in it, and I didn't want that. In the end we gave it a generous English vocabulary and a few tags of French, German, and Latin."

Tom touched the second cabinet. "This is the scanner. Producing the mixture is simple, but it takes lots of wires and circuits and stuff to scan the mixture and know when it ceases to be gibberish and starts making sense. Other parts of the scanner fill the basement and three bedrooms upstairs. Sere spent months 'instructing' it— adjusting the mechanism to accept sense-making combinations of words and reject nonsense.

"When the scanner accepts part of the mixture as sensible English, it diverts the electron stream into this cabinet, which is called Memory. Memory is simply a recording device, necessary because there is no process that can print the stuff as fast as the machine produces it. Memory stores it, then feeds it out slowly—still as nothing but a code and electron pattern—to the next component, which converts the code into English and prints it on microfilm.

"Every morning I snip off a bit of microfilm and develop it myself. The output ranges from six to ten inches of film a day. I have a little darkroom over there. Then I sit down at an ordinary microfilm viewer to see what the machine has written."

"And that's it?" I asked.

"That's it. That's how I produced my novel."

We returned to the front porch. Tom poured Scotch over ice cubes and added pipeline water. It was near sunset now. The air had cooled a degree or two and even the horned frogs were casting shadows. Some of Tom's calves began bellowing, at a distance that turned the sounds to music.

"How many people know that a machine wrote *Early Noon*?" I asked.

"Three. You and I and David R. Sere. But I don't worry about Sere, he's perfectly safe—hardly human at all. I laid down specifications for him, and then went out and found him—in Manhattan, of course. He took me to a health-food shop on Sixth Avenue, and over nuts and raisins and spinach juice he told me that his lifelong ambition had been just to sit somewhere and think. Well, he's doing it now—in a furnished room in Bayonne, New Jersey, at my expense."

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I asked, "Why did you send for me?"

"The machine has written another novel. I have just finished typing it out—I can't very well send microfilm off to my publisher, and it would be risky to hire the typing done. The thing is, this new novel is so different from *Early Noon* that I'm not sure I can offer it as my work. I want you to read it and tell me if you think I can get away with it. I hope you think I can, because this new one is my masterpiece."

"Is that thing set to write nothing but novels?" I asked.

"No, no, damn it," said Tom with irritation. "You don't understand. It works at random. It can write *anything*. That's the trouble—most of its output is useless to me. It has done a complete *Julius Caesar*, for example—and thirty of the Sonnets. It has produced several letters of application for the job of school-bus driver in Wyandotte, Ohio, in 1933. It has made dozens of dirty limericks, and has actually invented a new vice by describing it in a story. It has written the diary of a sixteen-year-old moron named Artie Messer for the year 1967.

"It has given me thousands of things I can't use!" He shouted the last two words and ground an ice cube to bits with his teeth, making me wince. "Want ads! Soldiers' letters home! Contracts!

"Contracts! Hundreds of pages of aforesaids and whereases, and I have to read it all because I never know when the damned machine will switch to another subject. Once it did five chapters of a novel I would like to have written, and then switched to a recipe for spoon bread in the style of Clementine Paddleford.

"Three months ago it produced a lost comedy of Aristophanes in an English translation by Gilbert Murray. Murray died in 1957. Now, is this is a *real* lost comedy of Aristophanes? Or is the play itself, like the Murray translation of it, just an invention of the machine?

"I have no way of knowing. The *Julius Caesar* is real, and the Wyandotte, Ohio, letters are false—there's no such town. But real or false, the Aristophanes is great and ought to be added to world literature. Yet how can I arrange an authentic-look-

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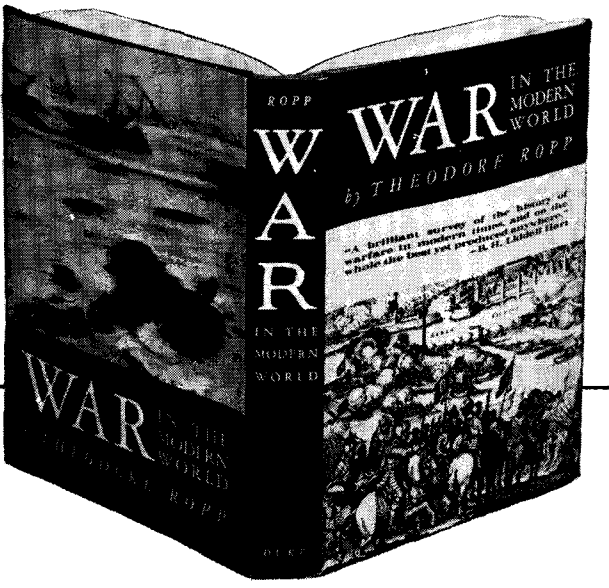

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ing situation in which to rediscover it?"

He shrugged and smiled. "It isn't easy," he said. "If I could write at all, I could do my own stuff in less time than it takes to read all the junk the machine produces.

"I could stop, I guess. Just throw the switch and quit; take up chess, or travel. But there's a fascination to it. It's the biggest thing I've ever been involved in—Shakespeare, Aristophanes, new works of real importance coming out of infinity, out of nowhere. I like being a famous writer. So I go on reading, day after day."

"Where is the new manuscript?"

"Over there." He indicated a manila envelope on the porch floor.

"When I read *Early Noon*," I said, "I felt in touch with a first-rate mind. I was surprised and a little jealous that the first-rate mind was yours. But it was not yours—I was touched and moved by a random pattern of electrons made by a machine. No mind was involved at all?"

"No. They can do that sort of thing nowadays," said Tom.

It was dark. I phoned Anne and asked her to turn on the lights along one of our fences which guide me to a landing in our pasture. Then I said good night to Tom and flew home with his manuscript. The next afternoon I took it to my office and began to read.

THE NOVEL was new and strange. Its events took place in the United States and in the present day, yet reading it was like entering a new country where the trees, birds, and stones were different from any known before. It took the old threads of the English language and wove them into something fine and new. Like Tom, I thought it a masterpiece. But I was worried, almost frightened, by the fact that it wasn't real.

In the late afternoon I switched on a light, noting that I would have to join Anne and my mother for a drink soon or they would wonder what was wrong. But just at that moment I grew puzzled. I turned back and reread a page. Then, making an exultant guess as to what I had discovered, I put down the manuscript and went to join my family.

After dinner I returned to the

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novel and read it to the end, and knew that I had guessed right. *The machine had left the book unfinished.* Tom had completed the twelfth chapter himself, and added three more. His real reason for asking me to read the book was not to get my opinion of its style but to see whether I could tell the difference between the machine's work and his imitation of it.

I read Tom's chapters again, savoring his ineptitude. I imagined his rage as, peering into his microfilm viewer with tired eyes, he saw this golden stream cut off, replaced by something trivial or stupid. I imagined, too, his agony in writing those final chapters, bad as they were.

The next morning I flew again to Tom's house. He came out to the landing strip to meet me. Climbing out of my little plane, holding his manuscript in my hand, I walked toward him. I arranged on my face a knowing, smiling, cynical look that would tell him I had guessed his secret.

And Tom was walking toward me. Behind him the sky dropped to a flat horizon forty miles away. We were two tiny figures on an enormous windy world, approaching each other on a concrete prairie where grass had grown for thousands of years but grew no more. Like me, Tom held a manuscript. He looked at me fearfully, with far more knowledge in his eyes than I held in mine.

"I know," he said. "The machine wrote this yesterday." He handed me his manuscript. I read the first lines of it, and the pale arch of the sky turned to stone. Fear stabbed me like a pin going through a specimen. I did not know whether I had just been created or was about to be destroyed. I only knew that some fearful power had reached down from the sky and trapped us. For the opening words of the machine's latest work were these:

"TOM TRIMBLE and I have been next-door neighbors all our lives, though our houses are six miles apart. We run adjoining ranches in that part of Texas where cedar, prickly pear, and prairie dogs are the chief nuisances and, in a dry year, twenty-five acres of land are needed to support a single cow. . . ."

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Just Looking, Thanks

MARYA MANNES

LONDON

THE PUBLIC at the Picasso show and the audience at Harold Pinter's *The Caretakers* had much in common: they were fascinated, bewildered, lost. A few—the knowledgeable few who expected to be excited—were excited. Only a minority was openly contemptuous or bored. One elderly lady standing before a collage at the Tate Gallery said, "Well, if it's a dishcloth, it's a very good rendition of a dishcloth, because it *is* a dishcloth." A clump of small schoolboys on a guided tour detached themselves from their dazed and shuffling fellows to stand in the Turner Room and watch a man wax the floor with a rotary brush. But anger or outrage were largely confined to private conversation, where the burden of reaction was, "His early periods are marvelous, but I'll be damned if I'll go along with his later ones. What a waste of his genius!"

But it is very old-fashioned to be wistful about Picasso's Pink and Blue periods and very square to be repelled by his Bone or Two-Headed stages. I myself found it an overwhelming show, as full of paintings that I coveted as of those I have no desire to see again. Because Picasso did what he had to do and did it with unparalleled virtuosity and fury does not mean that one has to like or even admire all his manifestations, or, having read Roland Penrose's excellent preface to the show, to go along with interpretations such as this one: "It seems probable," writes Mr. Penrose, ". . . that it ["Woman Dressing Her Hair"] reflects Picasso's dismay and anger at the arrival of German troops on the Atlantic coast where he was staying. . . . The narrow insolent look in the eyes, the distended belly, the aggressive swing of the breasts suggesting the form of a swastika and the horror of the squat legs finishing in enormous ill-formed feet makes this terrifying female a most disquieting image associated with catastrophic events."

Doubtless Mr. Pinter's disquieting and compelling play is also in the shadow of catastrophic events, although the connection is just as tenuous. If the Beaux-Arts and the Royal Academy made Picasso inevitable and essential, so have Frederick Lonsdale and Noël Coward and even Terence Rattigan made Harold Pinter inevitable. The airless mold of realism, of the so familiar that it is no longer felt, has to be broken. But I keep wondering why people like Samuel Beckett and Pinter have to break it the same way, with the same symbols.

FOR in *The Caretakers,* as in *Godot,* everyone is waiting for something. Pinter's play (wonderfully acted by Alan Bates, Peter Woodthorpe, and Donald Pleasence) concerns two brothers and a tramp invited to share the basement room in the house one of them owns. It should go without saying that the room is bleak and cluttered, that the tramp is old and smelly and voluble, that one brother has been in mental hospitals, that the other is a black-jacketed spiv (or is he?), and that the point of the three acts is their inability to communicate with each other. The point is also that the old tramp is always waiting to go to Sidcup to get his working papers (and never does), that the strange brother is always waiting to build a shed in the yard, and that the younger brother is always waiting to decorate his house. Pinter's talent lies as much in his silences as in his talk: his timing is masterly, his dialogue hypnotic in its repetition either of absurd clichés or plain human confusion. Like Beckett, he can be funny in the way good old vaudeville and burlesque writers were funny. Like Beckett, too, he acknowledges no obligation to his public: their comprehension is not sought, their lack of it not mourned. The only "action" in *The Caretakers* comes at the end, when the quiet brother orders the tramp out because he smells and disturbs his sleep. That the tramp weeps, that

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they are all lost, is, I imagine, supposed to make us sad, aware of human vulnerability in the face of the world's cruelty. I find it hard to see such universality either in *The Caretakers* or in Picasso's "Cat Eating a Bird." But, like the audience, I feel compelled to look for it.

Lack of communication between human beings is perhaps the major tragedy of our time, but it is not confined to the dispossessed or disinherited, or to dumps and basements. That it can be just as tragic in drawing rooms is brilliantly if unevenly demonstrated in Robert Bolt's *The Tiger and the Horse*, where in the library of the Master of the College, the breakage of communication between a distinguished astronomer-philosopher and his wife, between his daughter and her lover, builds to a shattering climax. That these are cultivated people speaking good language in no way dilutes the trouble.

Bolt, in fact, is a current boon to the English stage, for his other play now running in London, *A Man for All Seasons*—the man being Sir Thomas More—is not only a passionate defense of conscience but of the majesty and clarity of language, and his writing is a joy to hear.

Like Mr. Pinter, Mr. Bolt is profoundly fortunate in his actors. Paul Scofield, as the doomed chancellor of Henry VIII, manages to make this austere, incorruptible scholar a figure of great tenderness, whose martyrdom—as the author would have it—is less an act of history than a living choice. And in *The Tiger and the Horse*, Sir Michael Redgrave's contribution, good as it is in the Master's part, lies mainly in throwing the play to his big, handsome, talented daughter, Vanessa Redgrave, and to Catherine Lacey, superb as his lonely wife.

I am not quite so happy about the acting in the two major popular hits, *Ross* and *A Passage to India*. *Ross*, of course, is Terence Rattigan's play about T. E. Lawrence, written with the playwright's customary theatrical craftsmanship, consistently interesting, sometimes gripping, only partially illuminating: in the end the man eludes him (and us) as he has others. But although all who knew Lawrence of Arabia agree on one facet at least—that he was as much of a show-off as an introvert—it struck me throughout that Sir Alec Guinness postured too much, either staring ahead woodenly or sweeping around in Arab robes like a bad shiek-impersonator. In dialogue with the excellent General Allenby of Brewster Mason, Guinness was his old self: subtle, brisk, cerebral, humorous. But he surely hammed with the Arabs. And speaking of Arabs, I find nice clean tip-tilted English features painted taupe not very convincing. Surely two Semites could have been found for T. E.'s bodyguards?

A Passage to India suffers from hamming too, particularly by Norman Wooland as the liberal Mr. Fielding and by Dilys Hamlett as the neurotic Miss Quested. Santha Rama Rau's adaptation of E. M. Forster's classic is direct, economical, and highly perceptive, reaching its emotional peak in the first act, where confrontation of East and West is brilliantly balanced. Here too, the young Pakistani actor Zia Mohyeddin as Dr. Aziz is at his best—ebullient, eager, proud, vulnerable, naïve. But as the play progressed, both British and Indians became symbols more than beings; and although interest never faltered, compassion waned.

For the British, however, *A Passage to India* must be an emotional experience of the first order. Five years ago it might have been strongly resisted. Now it seems to provide them with both expiation of guilt and with pride. They can watch the colossal stupidities of their sahibs with the detachment of time, the comfort that Mr. Fieldings did exist, and the knowledge that their withdrawal from India was performed with wisdom and dignity.

Out in Shepherd's Bush, the BBC has built a television palace that may well be a factory model of mass communications for years to come. It is a circular building that covers nearly twice the area of St. Paul's Cathedral and is capable of producing about 1,500 hours of programs a year, nearly half of the present BBC requirements.

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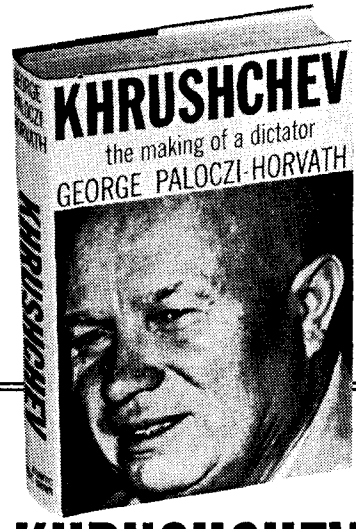

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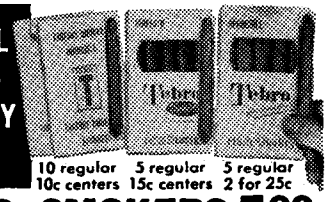

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The main circular building houses the offices, a lower surrounding ring contains the seven huge studios, and beyond those is still another band for loading and shifting. Technically, it is awesome, from the vast grids of studio lights operated from a central switchboard to the carpeted and colorful control rooms with instrument-panel boards like those of nuclear submarines.

Unfortunate only in this proud achievement is the statue of the sun god Helios perched high on the fountain in the center of the courtyard and thus inescapably in daily view. He is a very golden young man in a supple and markedly unvirile attitude, and it may be further evidence of his ascendancy in society that far below him, crouching damply under the fountain's lip, is a woman's figure.

THERE IS the suspicion among directors and producers familiar with the deprivations and discomforts of early television that increased material and technological aids can inhibit rather than serve the imagination. They are a little afraid of all this new splendor.

I do not think that the better ones need to be. Eight hours spent watching ITA and BBC alternately, from 1 P.M. to 9 P.M. on a weekday, have further convinced me that the makers of British television, especially BBC, have a greater sense of responsibility toward their audience and a higher regard for the human being than we do.

They care, for one thing, what their children see. If I had small ones, I would be delighted to sit them before BBC's "Watch with Mother" to see the innocent—if sometimes cloying—adventures of a puppet family called Woodentops or to learn about animals or flowers, or to follow a charming drawing-story of a little Indian boy and his elephant. No kicks here, just gentleness and a little learning; and in between lovely girl announcers with soft voices whom we might do well to substitute for the cheap young barkers on our side of the water. Later in the afternoon, young boys and girls can follow a nautical con-

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test in ITA's "Crow's Nest" and try to identify ship silhouettes, or meet sea captains; or they can join BBC's "Sketch Class" and watch a delightful elderly artist draw good pictures while he tells how and why he does it, and then look at the entries chosen from previous contests, accompanied by his comments, critical or appreciative. They could also watch their own "Sportsview"; nearly every day the news is brought to the young in special form.

That most young people probably turned that afternoon to "The Range Riders," a C-grade U.S. Western, in no way deters the BBC from its primary concept in programming for children: to assist in making them civilized, kind, and enlightened adults, without bringing them prematurely into an adult world. We make them consumers.

I will grant you that watching a golf tournament of masters (pros) in drenching rain for two hours is not my cup of tea, but I learned a lot about golf. I enjoyed the relaxed and solicitous commentary, and I was consistently entertained by the saturated and indomitable British spectators. Perhaps I enjoyed it most for a single negative reason: nothing interrupted it. Even more, it was live television of an actual event, a kind of programming the British believe in and we practice far too little.

LATER THAT EVENING, I watched William Clark hewing to the point with Hammarskjöld and Lodge on ITA's "Right to Reply"; BBC's excellent nightly potpourri of people, ideas, and happenings, "Tonight"; Hans and Lotte Haas exploring crabs in Malaya; and, expecting the worst, ITA's top-rated serial, "Emergency—Ward 10." I thought it would be the usual hospital nonsense, but I found instead a well-written sophisticated drama with believable characters and quite a lot of solid medical information, intravenously injected. I ended my vigil with ITA's "This Week," a combination interview-discussion-commentary geared to topical subjects, one of them being the effects of "Tell Laura I Love Her" on car-crazy teen-agers.

What quizzes and variety I did see were lamentable: when the British deliberately set out to entertain, their dentures show. I wish also that BBC were not quite so time-conscious in its spot interviews. It will spend twenty happy minutes with a sheep dog but cut a distinguished Antarctic explorer off in three, just when he's warming up. I also wish that both services made less use of the prompter and more of spontaneous talk. What is written down makes for smoothness but it lacks fillip. Some "Open End"ing is in order.

Still, I would invite anyone with the fortitude to make this comparison of an average afternoon and evening's viewing in Britain and in the United States: it might well spur the demand for an alternative service at home. When we are good, we are very, very good, but the operative word is "when." When the British can see, weekly and in prime time, shows like BBC's "Panorama," "Monitor," "Tonight,' and "Face to Face"; regular Shakespeare in "An Age of Kings," the magnificent documentaries of Denis Mitchell on Africa ("Winds of Change"), and the six-part series on crime by Christopher Mayhew in regular sequence; when ITA follows with a four-part study of the United States, again in prime time, our calendar—and our diet—looks pretty thin.

I miss our commentators: the British newscasters, shorn of opinion, are sound but not stimulating. They could use the astringency and humor of a David Brinkley. I miss undisciplined talk like "Open End" and madmen like Alexander King and sophisticated natural comics like Steve Allen. The British don't grow them, or if they do, tether them. I can't think of anything else I miss: certainly not violence or the commercials. And I don't blame BBC for planning far fewer Hollywood imports this winter.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 17

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A — 7 14 101 198 51 67 28 149
To throw off a burden.

B — 214 135 182 87 139 23 2 166
African starling.

C — 217 18 39 77
"Upon this ____ I spake / She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd" Othello, I, iii.

D — 83 21 180 203 119 107
Execution by drowning.

E — 189 103 60 37 46 196 4 143
Mistress of invective.

F — 9 115 157 194 The mark of ____ (alt. sp.)

G — 121 16 133 171 208 55 219 91
Series of poems by Vergil.

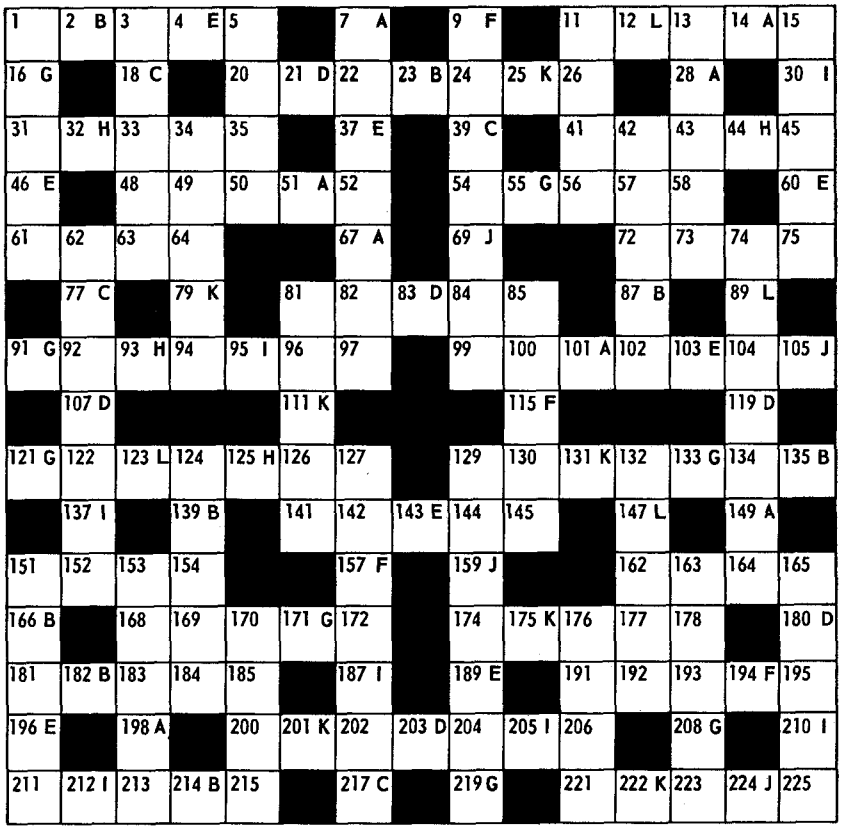
H — 44 125 32 93 Deposed Iraqi leader.

I — 210 187 95 30 212 205 137
Describing certain curls.

J — 69 224 105 159 Jane Austen novel.

K — 222 175 111 131 201 79 25
Travelling salesman.

L — 147 123 89 12 "And all I ask is a merry ____ from a laughing fellow rover."
John Masefield, Sea-Fever.



ACROSS

1. Sounds like slaves who were kind of bored.
11. Shortly near Ike for a printer's devil.
20. Kitchen ware can score OK.
31. O, for direction by Monteverdi!
41. Desires of old and nears anew.
48. Language used in ritual at inquest.
54. Sure direction for many.
61. Pays court and sees girls.
72. It was red for General Randolph Pate.
81. No deported persons in short but Waldon and others.
91. Not on list, but an excellent cheese, just the same.
99. A new element that'll yet triumph tho' not hep.
121. Time certain of being rubbed out.
129. Uncompounded, but mixes around abbreviated page and book.
141. To give out ends softly.
151. Beginner in petty robbery.
162. Promise in a boat house.
168. Slang for a groat.
174. I'm with a famous name in automobiles, but cold when in France.
181. It's more nearly correct to taper off.
191. You eat in an Italian city.
200. Palm, as I see it, suitable for on African antelope.
211. Have a fitting in a city in N.C.
221. Swelling the members for a meed.

DOWN

1. Singular kine on board barges.
3. If you want dessert after tea you must take a flier with the gun.
5. Mac in his cottage.
7. A colleague of the Acrostician
9. Need not now known. Why?
11. Sire, 'tis Southey's river flowing rapidly into the Elbe.
13. Battleground for troops that are OK.
15. Charlotte's ballet?
34. Stand and more than rest.
42. Flower that rates a change.
62. Try a lute completely.
74. Careful! There's an up trend here.
81. Afterthought holds our streams.
85. I'm sober where I'd sat before.
124. Twice ten rose about ten times ten.
127. Memorial in tape around hip.
129. Catch a bit.
132. Puriform can make one dopy.
151. Characteristic of IRA in a doublet.
153. Ends up as 99 across begins but rather seedy.
163. 501 age when dipped in river near 191 across.
165. Nay, he's a nocturnal carnivore.
170. Gringo, stay! When you call me that, smile!
176. Does this river do as it sounds.

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BOOKS

Before the Storm

GEORGE STEINER

ROOTS OF REVOLUTION, by Franco Venturi. Translated from the Italian by Francis Haskell. *Knopf. $12.75.*

Now and again a book appears that carries with it the immediate conviction of mastery, that engenders at first glance the authority and excitement which mark the classic. When this happens, a reviewer has only one task: to say to all within hearing, "Read this book for yourself. See what a superb achievement it is. Tell others about it." This is precisely what scholars and critics said when Franco Venturi's *Il Populismo Russo* first appeared in Italy in 1952. Since that time, the book has become legendary for its power and completeness. Now the reader who lacks Italian can see for himself.

Professor Venturi has chosen for his domain what is probably the most intricate and decisive episode in modern history: the evolution of radical thought and radical political organizations inside Russia in the nineteenth century. Out of that cauldron of complex ideologies, economic theories, socialist utopias, and private heroism emerged the divided world of our own age. The complication of the material is fantastic. Much is buried in the archives of the Czarist police, in the dust-choked records of the Czarist provincial bureaucracy, in ephemeral journals and illicit broadsheets of which few if any copies survive. The evidence stretches from private diaries kept by Russian exiles in Paris and London to letters or half-coherent messages smuggled out of the dungeons of the Peter-Paul Fortress or the lifeless tundra of eastern Siberia. As attaché to the Italian embassy in Moscow, Venturi did what no other western scholar has been able to do: he studied the pre-history of the Russian Revolution from within. He traveled into the provinces to study the local archives; he was given access to the dossiers of the Czarist secret police and espionage; he immersed himself in the Lenin Library's matchless collection of radical pamphlets, Populist journals, and Nihilist manifestoes. The result, as Isaiah Berlin notes in his sparkling, overcrowded preface, is "the fullest and most authoritative account in any language" of the pre-Marxist phase of the Russian Revolution.

That phase has been neglected. Deafened by the blare of Leninist and Stalinist propaganda, misled by the jargon that Soviet publicists have imposed on the subtle vitality of the Russian language, western observers have tended to see the events of 1905 and 1917 in the light of Marxism. This false perspective cannot survive Venturi's epochal work. The Marxist element is the dazzling but frail top of the great iceberg. The mass lies beneath it, out of obvious sight. The Russian Revolution ripened from within; it is rooted in the facts of Russian history and in the unique character of Russian regional and religious life. What must be understood are not the economic theories of Marx or the phantasms of Hegelian historicism but the condition of Russian peasant life in the nineteenth century, the legacy of the Old Believers and the bizarre, half-empirical, half-apocalyptic quality of Russian radicalism.

VENTURI begins in 1825, with the suppression of the Decembrist revolt, and ends on April 3, 1881, when the assassins of Alexander II were hanged. Between these two dates, Russian socialist and Populist thought came of fierce age. The ideas and events with which he deals are immensely complicated, and in many instances he is the first to unravel them. With the emigration in 1840 of Bakunin and in 1847 of Herzen, the pendulum of Russian radical thought swung west. But the essential failure of the European revolutionary movement of 1848 and the internal strain provoked a few years later by the Crimean War initiated the ardent, cruel history of revolt from within. Although Chernyshevsky was allowed only a brief spell of influence before his deportation to Siberia, he laid the solid foundations of the Populist movement. By 1863, the first of the *Zemlya i Volya* (Land and Liberty) groups were in the field. In 1869, Nechaev, that shadowy, ruthless figure who haunted the imagination of Dostoevski, had arrived at the conception of the total revolutionary:

"In the very depths of his being, not just in words but in deed, he has broken every tie with the civil order, with the educated world and all laws. He will be an implacable enemy of this world, and if he continues to live in it, that will only be so as to destroy it the more effectively."

Nechaev himself rotted to death in the lightless, freezing dungeon of Peter-Paul Fortress and most Populist leaders rejected his inhuman doctrine. But something of his vision of total sacrifice was necessary. Without it, countless young men and women could not have trodden what Alexeyev called "the terrible road that implacable fate demands." It led to flogging, to madness and disease in solitary confinement, to living burial in the Yakutsk steppes, to the mines and the scaffold. The best were destroyed: Chernyshevsky, Natanson, Frolenko, Zhelyabov. But more came to take their place. From 1876 on, when the underground cadres in St. Petersburg and Moscow forged links with the older revolutionary groups in Kiev, Kazan, and southern Russia, the radical movement could no longer be stamped out. On March 1, 1881, the "executive committee" of *Narodnaya Volya* (The People's Will) finally succeeded in murdering the Czar. This act proclaimed the inevitable. The execution of Nicholas II and his family in 1918 was merely a grim epilogue.

A NUMBER OF major considerations emerge from Venturi's book. The Russian Revolution *was* inevitable, but not in the spurious Marxist sense of "inevitable" class struggles or dialectical necessity. The fatality lay in the fact that Czarism, after 1860, could no longer carry out reforms which the Czar himself and his advisers knew to be essential. Every attempt at liberalization was

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thwarted by the fears of the nobility, by the hostile indifference of the nascent bourgeoisie, and by the archaic belief of the peasants that true salvation would come from some sudden stroke of messianic justice. The crises of 1861-1863, 1880, and 1881 showed that reforms could be imposed only by autocratic means; these in turn provoked new terrorism. That, as Venturi brilliantly demonstrates, was the cruel dilemma on which Czarism went to ruin.

It is now clear that Populism and socialism never achieved their own principal aim: the establishment of real contact between the small nucleus of the aroused intelligentsia and the vast mass of the people. The ideal of the "return to the people" is at the very heart of the Populist movement. But it was never realized. With some exceptions, the young intellectuals and Rousseauist aristocrats who went "to the land" in the early 1870's met only with derision or brute apathy. The dream of revolution from below broke on the realities of mass illiteracy and on the immemorial dislike of the peasant for anyone who comes to him from "outside." Often the peasants themselves handed over their would-be saviors to the Czarist police. This is a fact of immense importance. It explains why Lenin and his handful of Bolsheviks were able to triumph with such relative ease in 1917. To the ordinary Russian, liberation, like autocracy, comes from above. Whether for good or evil, he regards power as the responsibility of the few. But it explains also why Communism can never wholly solve the agrarian problem. Peasants do not want to be enlightened; they want to be left alone. In that sense, the Chinese communes are a savage attempt to solve a dilemma that already dogged idealists in 1860.

Venturi shows that outside ideas and events have never altered the essentially national character of Russian radicalism. Hegel, Saint-Simon, Fourier, and Marx *were* important, but mainly as catalysts to kindle or crystallize energies latent inside Russia. Lenin did come back via Germany, but in a sealed car. Venturi's historical survey gives strong support to those observers of present Soviet affairs who believe that Russian Communism is moving toward a new social equilibrium, but that it will be an equilibrium founded on Russian traditions and not greatly influenced by western liberalism.

NO ONE can put down this book without receiving a fresh and exhilarating impression of Soviet historical scholarship. A glance at Professor Venturi's massive notes suggests that propaganda and distortions of evidence are surface scars. Behind the veil of official "rewriting," Russian historians are doing work as scrupulous and impartial as any accomplished in the West. This is a heartening thought for the future. And it is confirmed by the recognition given to Venturi by his Soviet peers. They too have taken his book for what it is, a masterpiece.

Onward and Westward

MALCOLM BRADBURY

A MIRROR FOR ANGLO-SAXONS: A DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, A REDISCOVERY OF ENGLAND, by Martin Green. *Harper. $3.50.*

There was a time when the Englishman with artistic interests made the grand tour of Europe. The tour was at private expense, the traveler was a gentleman, and the experience was an influence on his art and a basis for his very notion of cultivation. Nowadays, however, America is the young Englishman's finishing school. It is sponsored by Harkness, Ford, and the English-Speaking Union; it is no longer the privilege of the rich; and besides being part of a change in the social class of the intellectual and the writer, it is part of a changing sense of his intellectual community.

The rewards of living in America are both practical and cultural. America is in some ways kinder to writers: it has no literary class system, it offers more outlets for the publication of their work, its univer-

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sities are more open to young writers and intellectuals, and there is a special sense of excitement that comes from living in a place where, one feels, the future is made and recorded simultaneously.

In this book, Martin Green places the issue in its most useful context, the context of an England that has not properly started to make use of the intellectual class it is producing in ever larger numbers, and of an America that is only too tempting. He is a man facing his heritage with embarrassment. Born of lower-class stock, he was lifted, by the new opportunities of the educational system, until at eighteen he was "a gentleman, beyond hope of reprieve"; at twenty-one, with a Cambridge degree, he faced the world with little equipment for living the life of the country that had produced him.

Mr. Green's book has many things to commend it, including some immensely useful observations on literature. But what commends it most to me is that it is a highly intelligent case history of a man penetrated with the attractions of America and gradually coming to grips with his dissatisfactions about England.

THERE ARE TWO FACES to an act of expatriation—the reasons one has for leaving one's homeland, and the reasons one has for taking up the land one adopts. Henry James spoke of one of the difficulties in living in America as "an absence of forms"; for an Englishman, this is precisely one of the attractions. There are too many forms in England, too many set manners and rules of class, and America functions as a place of moral expansion, a testing ground for the spirit. The intellectual life is less separated from society in America, because there are more persons trained in intellectuality and because the possibilities for communication outside a closed circle seem greater. (Mr. Green instances the teaching of composition courses in universities.)

Here, I think, Mr. Green makes more of the pleasures than the pains of the intellectual life in America. The isolation of the English intellectual is partly a way of safeguarding his own high standards, of avoiding a *trahison des clercs*. In America there is more communication but also more treason. Moreover, I think of myself (as Mr. Green probably does of himself) as an expatriate not to America but to one special part of America—that loosely knit and widely spread community usually found clustered close to universities, which is concerned with intellectuality, creation, and teaching, and which is conscious of its separateness from the run of society. Nor can I say that I felt, after teaching composition classes, that I had done so much; and I *can* say that I was always doubtful whether I really should do much, since one can so easily set such students on a painful road in an intellectual twilight, where they are more isolated from their fellows and their families than anyone I have seen in England.

Mr. Green begins his book with a strong flirtation with America that grows more critical in spirit as it comes closer to love. The rewards of America that he presents are those which come from being a released Englishman. As the book develops, it becomes clearer that Mr. Green belongs in a tradition that is solidly English, that is tough, liberal, and penetrating, and calls up certain sorts of moral assent in the Orwell heritage. England is rigid, America is not. And so a certain kind of Englishman expands splendidly here. England is a land where people say "He's not our class" and "It can't be done" and "He hasn't had the experience," a land where people are not by nature articulate or expressive and where ideas only come within a limited context of debate, a land where people shut themselves off from others to "keep themselves to themselves." America offers the wonderful release of not having to worry about all those shutters of class and restraint which obtrude into social and intellectual intercourse. America is a wonderful country to be an Englishman in, and Mr. Green opens his book by expressing all the zest of this.

IN GIVING an autobiography of his passions, he starts by dramatizing his rejection of England, and it is only later on that he comes to recognize that the same passions do exist there, although in underground form. It is doubtless simply because

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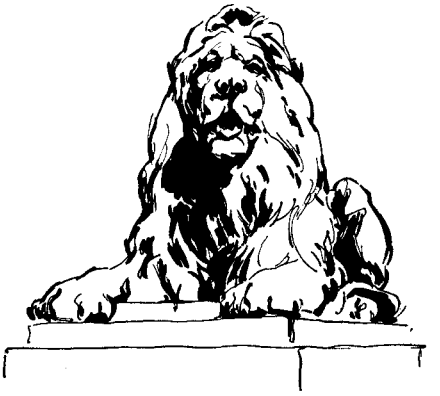
I left England later than Mr. Green that I felt them to be more present there than he did, and perhaps for this reason my own warm response to America was not quite as warm as Mr. Green's. What strikes me very forcibly these days is that there is a tremendous psychic payment in America for its constant flux; there is, I would suspect, a possibility that a society can overstrain and fragment itself so seriously that it can no longer function.

Mr. Green's brilliance as a social critic comes in his discussion of England. The lack of any shared sense of contemporaneity is surely one of England's greatest problems. You can talk to a class of students about your England, and it is not their England; different images exist in different groups. This failure in communication is disturbing. Nowadays the intellectuals have no language to share with the rest of society: their England is no one else's; their responsibility is to communicate a tradition which, because of the incursion of mass culture, they no longer hand down to society—for they are separate even from the semi-intellectuals who may appear to represent them on the radio or in the press. One is conscious in England of how withdrawn intellectual discussion really is, how withdrawn (for instance) poetry is, with its avowedly occasional spirit, its pulling in of its horns. The problem which results is that of maintaining moral vigor in a situation where a dismissed elite tries to maintain its eliteness. Mr. Green, quoting Orwell's remark, "A family with the wrong members in control—that, perhaps, is as near as one can come to describing England in a phrase," speaks of the need to revive the tradition of "the decent man—as opposed to the gentleman—or the Anglo-Saxon moralist, or the Anglo-Saxon rebel."

This tradition is, I think, not only very much alive in England but is more than ever finding its voice. Its values seem to come out of the stock of the lower middle class, with its strong moral orientation. It is a strain that rejects aristocratic elegance, Bohemian irresponsibility, or ruthless theorizing, and stresses decency, marriage, domesticity, filial and parental duties. It is a strain that Mr. Green defines splendidly. He points to its puritanism, "taking that to mean a concern with right and wrong so keen as to set the tone of the whole personality, an eagerness to draw sharp, exclusive lines, mapping out as much as possible of the world, a distrust of all connoisseurship in experience, all aestheticism." It relates truths to the great moral imperatives, and exempts no man from his responsibilities. "The typical movement of its mind is scrupulous, in bad ways as well as good, and therefore irritable as well as honorable."

Mr. Green finds it at its best in D. H. Lawrence, F. R. Leavis, George Orwell, and Kingsley Amis. It is, I would add, an increasingly influential vein. In its bad as well as its good aspects, it is in the atmosphere of the "red brick" universities, the writings of the so-called "angries," and the social interests of such commentators as Richard Hoggart.

SPEAKING recently on the declining morality of America, its increasing political and even intellectual opportunism, W. H. Auden said that this was to some extent prevented in England by the notion that there are certain things that a man cannot do, because no one would speak to him at his club if he did. The people Mr. Green describes do not have clubs, and they base their moral imperatives on something a good deal more solid. There are, he says, "some feeble, ambiguous signs that a new generation is emerging," and if I do not share all his particular analyses, or even his final assessment of a possible new Anglo-American cultural relationship, I too find hope for the continuity of all that's best in English life in the tradition he describes.



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Teetotal Recall

WILLIAM L. RIVERS

MY FIRST FIFTY YEARS IN POLITICS, by Joe Martin, as told to Robert J. Donovan. *McGraw-Hill. $4.95.*

The long succession of loquacious Democrats who have told all has conditioned us to expect leaders to unload their reminiscences at book length. Before he was deposed as House Republican leader early last year, however, it was by no means predictable that the first Republican taleteller would be Joseph W. Martin of Massachusetts. During his long service as leader, Martin, like his good friend and Democratic counterpart Sam Rayburn, was considered to be a party man without prefix, suffix, or apology. Such men usually dislike to air their political woes in public and disdain those who do.

One suspects that the flavor of this book would have been much less provocative if Martin had been reelected as leader. Certainly the bitter sections are built largely around Martin's unhappiest day, and the book comes to life when he cuts at one or another of the men he considers the agents of his political decline: President Eisenhower, Vice-President Nixon, and Charles Halleck of Indiana, the new leader.

"The President said that he was neutral," Martin relates. "It was, however, a strange state of neutrality in which Eisenhower took no sides while his legislative liaison officials egged Halleck on. I was the President's leader in the House; I had made enemies in pushing legislation that he wanted passed." Martin holds Nixon culpable, too, hinting that the Vice-President was so careful not to discourage his followers in the House from voting for Halleck that only one member of the fourteen-man delegation from California voted for Martin. But Martin directs most of his rancor at Halleck and is not content to be done with him in the long section devoted to the leadership contest. Halleck comes up again and again as an opportunistic Available Charlie, ready to run for anything, nurturing visions of a Vice-Presidential nomination that Martin ridicules.

Martin displays a curious opportunism of his own in describing how he weighed the Republican Party against the national interest in 1941. The Selective Service Act was back in Congress for renewal, and Martin, on the lookout for a chance to "capitalize on an issue without harming the country," voted against it. "Finally, by a hair's breadth, it was passed 203 to 202. If I had wished, I could have got that one vote; when a leader comes that close he can always obtain an extra vote. But that was not my strategy. We lost, but won. Selective Service had been extended, but the Republicans had made a record of keeping faith with the men who had been drafted for a year." Martin then describes how he heard the news of Pearl Harbor, reflects on the issues, and pronounces himself "satisfied with the manner in which we Republicans had met them."

MARTIN'S satisfied reflections extend to other events that one might think he would prefer to pass over. He dwells without embarrassment on his correspondence in 1951 with General MacArthur, then commanding in Korea. It was Martin's subsequent disclosure during House debate of the general's "no substitute for victory" letter that led to MacArthur's firing. Another letter figured conspicuously in Martin's career—an appeal from Texas Republican Committeeman Jack Porter urging appreciative Texans to attend a Republican fund-raising dinner honoring Martin because "It will be up to Joe Martin to muster at least 65 percent of the Republican votes in the House in order to pass the gas bill this year. . . ." The incident is made light of by Martin, who still fails, apparently, to understand its implications.

Martin, who was once heard to ask "For what gentleman does the purpose from Illinois rise?," has a flair for humor. Advising on practical politics, he writes, "For example, although I myself do not drink, I always make a point of shaking hands with bartenders whenever I come across them, because their recommendations, voiced that moment when men's minds are highly receptive to ideas, carry much weight in a community."

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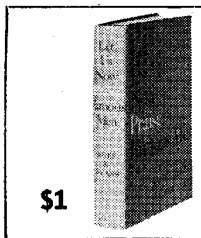

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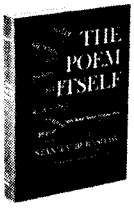

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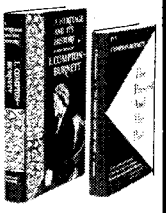

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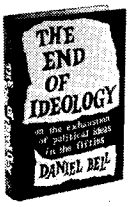

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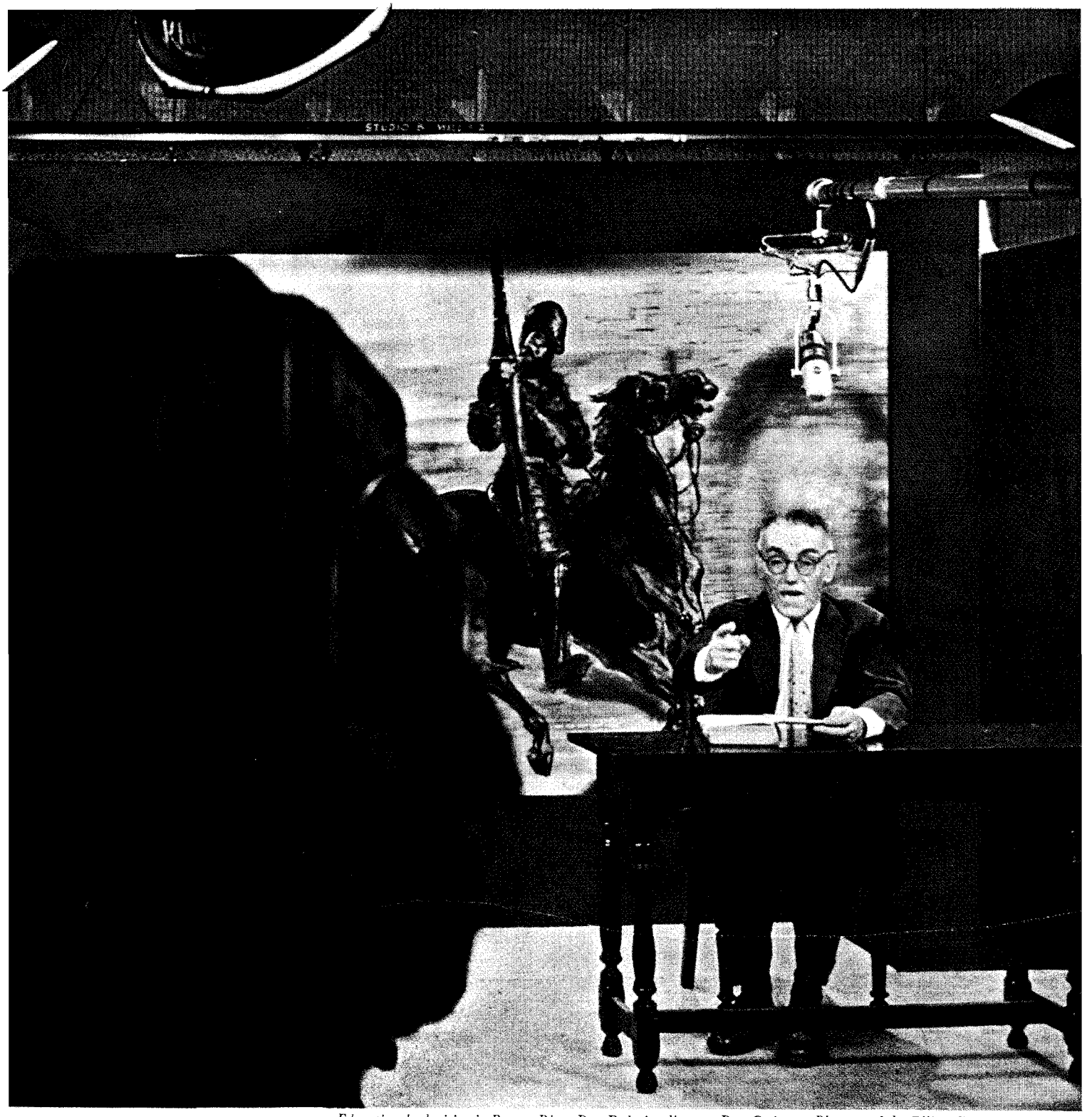

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